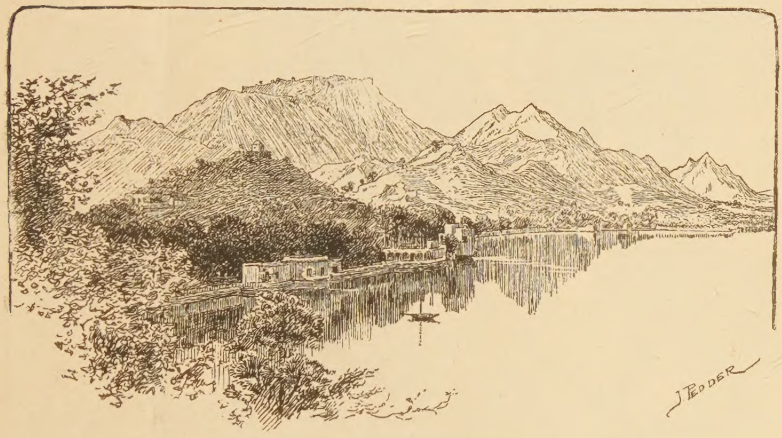
THE

Methodist Magazine.

MARCH, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

III.



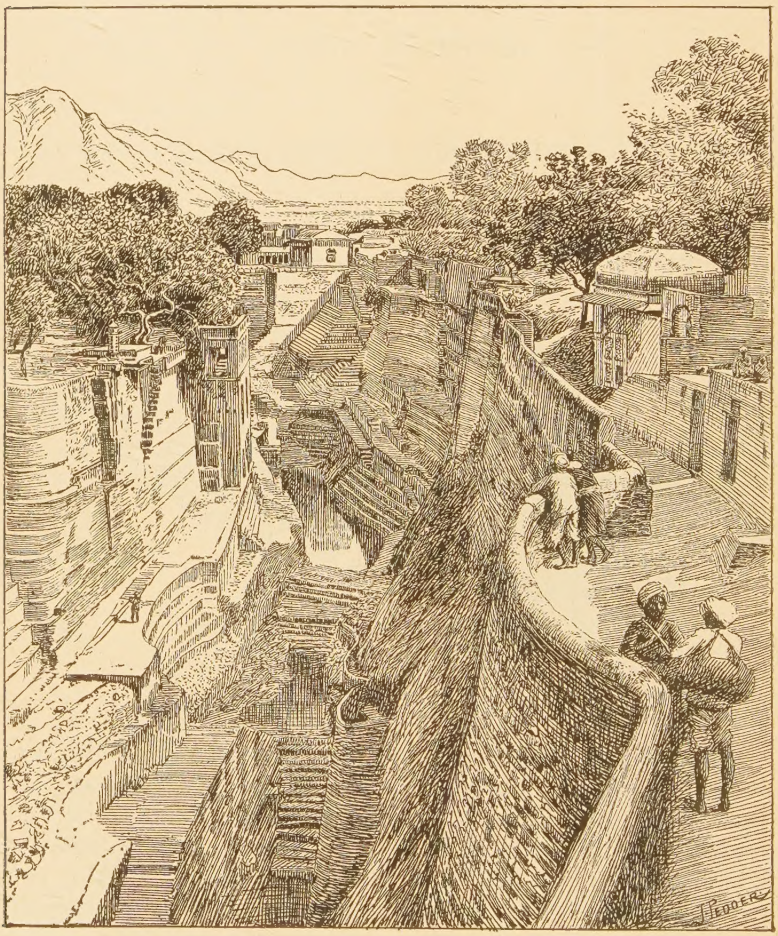
THE DAULAT BAGH, AJMIR.

THE finest specimen of early Indian Mahommedan architecture in India is to be found at Ajmir. Fergusson expresses the opinion that no mosque in Cairo or Persia is so exquisite in detail, and that nothing in Spain or Syria can approach these mosques at Ajmir and Delhi for beauty of surface decoration. Nothing can exceed the taste with which the Cufic and Togra inscriptions are interwoven with the more purely architectural decorations, or the manner in which they give life and variety to the whole, without ever interfering with the constructive lines of the design.

The Dargah, situated on the southern side of the city, is a strange group of buildings clustering round the burial-place of a

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

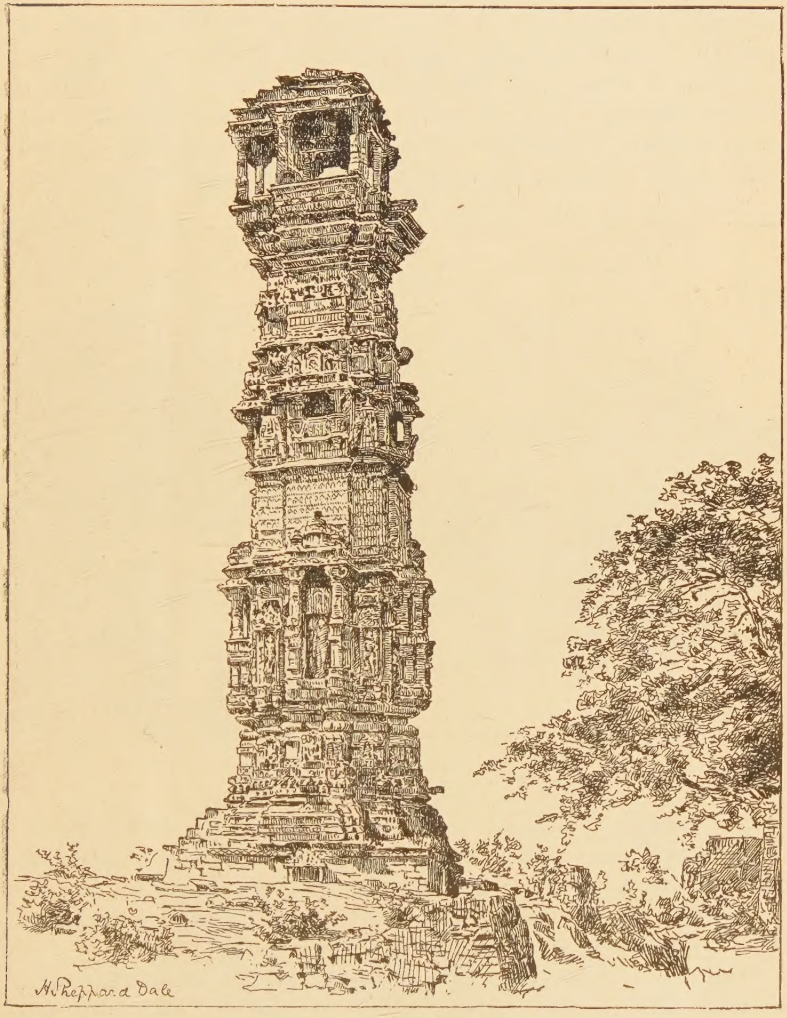
famous saint, one Kwaja Sahib, who died at Ajmir, A.D. 1235. It is imperative that the shoes be removed before entering the enclosure. Many of the courtyards never see the sun, and the pavements are as cold as ice, so it is best to come wearing two or three pairs of thick socks, or with a large pair pulled over the



THE DARGAH, AJMIR.

shoes. The magnificent gateway is called the *Dilkusha,* or "heart expanding," opening out into a wide courtyard, containing two vast iron pots, in which messes of rice, oil, sugar, raisins and almonds are cooked and distributed to the pilgrims who come from a distance to the great annual festival of the holy Kwaja. Some 10,000 pounds of ingredients are cooked in the larger, and

nearly 6,000 pounds in the smaller. The cost of filling the large pot is over £100; they are called the great and little *Deg*. When the pudding is ready, a supply is ladled out for the pilgrims, and then the men of the suburb of Indrakot and the



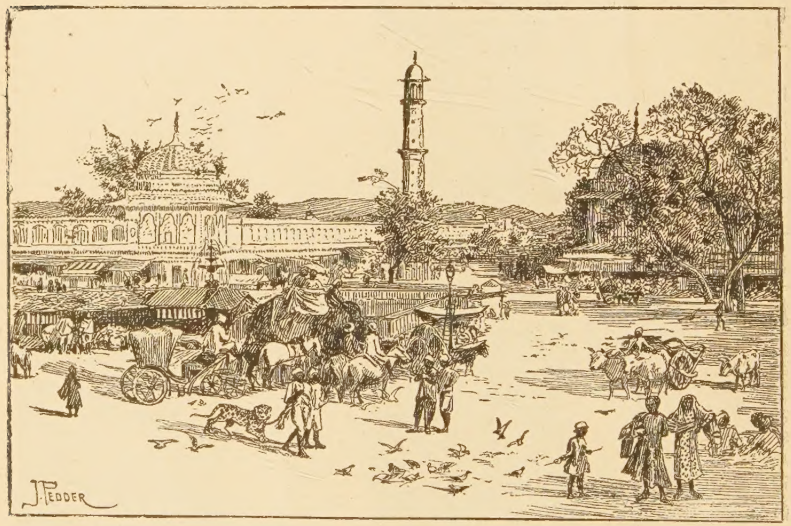
TOWER OF VICTORY, CHITOR.

servants of the Dargah have the hereditary right to scramble for what is left. Swathing themselves in cloths to the eyes, to save themselves from being burnt, the strongest of them finally tumble into the caldron, and scrape it clean. When visitors return to the entrance-gate, garlands of sweet-smelling flowers are hung

round their necks, which politeness requires should not be taken off till home is reached.

The Ana Sagar, one of the loveliest tanks in India, is about three miles out of the North gate. This is a lake of many hundreds of acres in area. It is best viewed from the beautiful marble pavilion, built by Shah Jahan, in the Daulat Bagh, or garden of splendour, a beautiful park full of fine old trees.

Chitor is an ancient city, dating from A.D. 700, crowned by a famous fortress. The town is surrounded by a wall, connecting with the fort. The whole of the interior of the fortress is covered with ruined temples, tanks, and palaces, the remains of the ancient



THE FOUNTAIN SQUARE, JAIPUR.

city. Among these is a notable column, erected in 1450 to commemorate a great victory, 122 feet high, 35 feet broad at the base, tapering in nine storeys to a diameter of 18 feet under the cupola. It stands on a terrace 42 feet square, and is covered with sculpture representing mythological subjects.

The Royal Palace is a most imposing pile, of a regular form, built of granite and marble, rising at least 100 feet from the ground, and flanked with octagonal towers, crowned with cupolas; nor is there in the East a more striking and majestic structure.

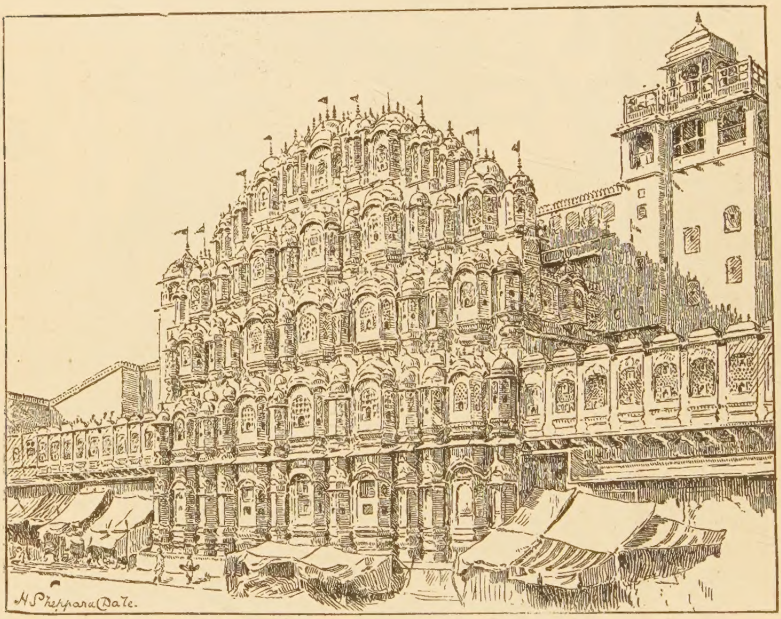
Jaipur is a place of great interest, being the capital of the most important of that group of independent states known as Rajputana. The city of Jaipur is about 1,500 feet above the sea; it is a delightful place. The temperature in winter is comparatively cool and pleasant, and the climate dry and healthy. It is the largest

IN THE BAZAAR, JAIPUR.

and most prosperous of all the Rajput capitals, and is undoubtedly the finest of modern Hindu cities.

Jaipur is also remarkable for its fine wide streets. The main thoroughfares are 111 feet wide, the side streets 55 feet, and even the back lanes and slums are 28 feet; all running at right angles to each other.

The streets are crowded with a stalwart race of men, superior in every way to the poor, ill-fed people of so many districts of Bengal or Bombay. There are signs of wealth on every hand.



THE HALL OF THE WINDS, JAIPUR.

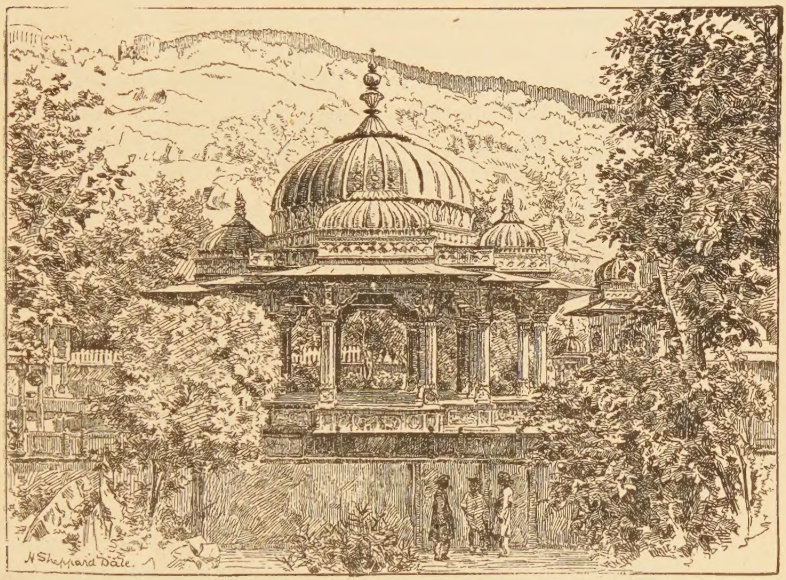
The scene from the fountain, where the four great thoroughfares of Jaipur converge, is one of the most picturesque in the world. The great open space is filled with stalls of fruit, vegetables and cereals; gay piece goods from Cashmere, Cawnpore, or Manchester are displayed from others; thousands of pigeons walk in and out on the pavement, taking the greatest interest in the gaily dressed bargainers in front of every stall.

A continual stream of traffic flows up and down each broad roadway, foot-passengers mingling with smartly caparisoned elephants, trains of camels, white donkeys, and bullock-carts; the syces, or running footmen of some Rajput noble, cry passage for their master, who prances gravely in from the country on his white horse, with green and gold saddle, himself armed to the

teeth with musket, pistol, sword and dagger; or some groom of the Maharaja comes along, leading a muzzled panther or leopard.

The houses are all washed rose colour, and glow warmly in the bright sunlight against the deep cobalt of the sky. On the roofs are smart groups of women and children, clad in wondrous colours, with flocks of parrots, pigeons, and crows sweeping round them, fluttering about the eaves, or perched on every corner.

In the shops below every possible handicraft is carried on, for nothing is done by machinery in India. Here are women in bright red dresses grinding at the mill, and singing as they work.



THE JAI SINGH SAWAI, JAIPUR.

Men, all the colours of the rainbow, stand in front of the dyers, waving long strips of green, red, or blue cloth in the drying sunshine. Others squat on the sidewalk being shaved, or wash themselves at the gutter with bright brass basins full of clean water. Cotton ginning, wheat winnowing, copper smelting, the potter's wheel, the spinning wheel, the gemgrinder's wheel, the gold-wire drawer, the silversmith, the shoemaker, with fifty other trades and their tools, clattering and noisy, make the busy scene a mass of moving colour and life such as I have never seen equalled elsewhere.

The only portion of the palace visible from the street is the singularly beautiful building called the Hawal Mahal, or Hall of the Winds, described by Sir Edwin Arnold as "a vision of daring

and dainty loveliness, nine stories of rosy masonry and delicate overhanging balconies, and latticed windows, soaring with tier after tier of fanciful architecture in a pyramidal form, a very mountain of airy and audacious beauty, through the thousand pierced screens and gilded arches of which the Indian air blows cool over the flat roofs of the very highest houses. Aladdin's magician could have called into existence no more marvellous abode, nor was the pearl and silver palace of the Peri Banou more delicately charming."

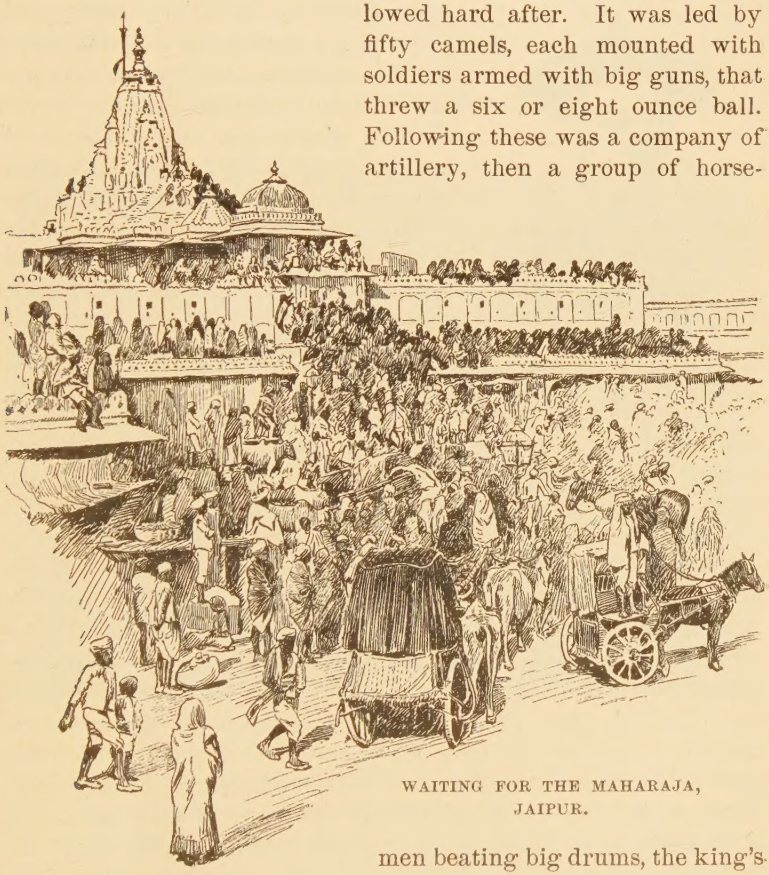
The menagerie is near the north gate, and here are ten or twelve huge man-eater tigers, confined in strong cages, fed at the Maharaja's expense. The amiable creatures to which we are accustomed at home, at Regent's Park, or in Sanger's menageries, are quiet tabby cats compared with these horrible monsters, who shake the strong bars of their cages with impotent rage and fierce glare, growling with every tooth exposed, at any person who approaches. One huge brute is known to have killed and eaten fifteen human beings, another ten, and a third seven. These tigers are trapped in pitfalls, where they are left for many days until they have been starved into extreme weakness; then they are dragged off to imprisonment for life.

This truly terrible scourge to the timid and unarmed inhabitants of an Indian village is now happily becoming very rare; man-eaters of a bad type are seldom heard of, and rarely survive long. Before there was so many European sportsmen as there are now, in the country, a man-eater frequently caused the temporary abandonment of whole tracts; and the sights of small hamlets abandoned by the terrified inhabitants, and which have never been re-occupied, are not uncommonly met with by the sportsmen in the jungles. The terror inspired by a man-eater throughout the district ranged by him is extreme; the helpless people are defenceless against his attacks. Their occupations of cattle-grazing or wood-cutting take them into the jungles, where they feel that they go with their lives in their hands.

The cenotaphs of the Maharajas are placed in charming gardens, just outside the north-east wall. The trees are full of monkeys, which abound all round the suburbs of Jaipur. The finest of these cenotaphs is that of Jai Singh Sawai, of the purest white marble—a dome supported by an octagon of eight beautifully carved pillars. The cornice is finely decorated with scenes in alto-relievo from the Hindu mythology, and the slabs round the base are groups of soldiers on elephants and horses, and other striking subjects.

Jaipur, like all native capitals, is a great place for processions. While I was there, in the winter of 1888, a new British Resident

had come, and the Maharaja paid him a state visit, with full processional honours. The first indication of his leaving the palace was an enormous elephant, painted all over with gorgeous devices in brilliant colour, on whose back was a trumpeter, and another man bearing aloft a great flag. This beast was a "trotter," and went lumbering by at eight miles an hour, to clear the way for his Highness. The procession followed hard after. It was led by fifty camels, each mounted with soldiers armed with big guns, that threw a six or eight ounce ball. Following these was a company of artillery, then a group of horse-



WAITING FOR THE MAHARAJA, JAIPUR.

men beating big drums, the king's horse-guards, tall fierce Rajputs, bearing lances with bright pennons, and the Maharaja himself, a resplendent object encrusted with jewels, in an open barouche drawn by four horses. Behind him rode a regiment of cavalry, another of mounted police, carriages containing his diwan, his ministers, the members of his council, and a large number of nobles who had come in from the surrounding country. The whole procession was closed by a number of fine elephants with splendid trappings, and several cart-loads of Nautch girls!

THE REV. DR. HART'S MISSIONARY TRAVELS IN WESTERN CHINA.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

III.

THE REIGNING EMPEROR OF CHINA.

Our persistent traveller penetrates at last into the very heart and shrine of Buddha worship—the famous Mount Omei. Over 11,000 feet high, it is the centre of natural and artificial wonders hard to equal anywhere on the globe. "On the face of the highest cliff is the famous carved Mil-leh-Buddha, some 360 feet in height. Small trees grow from the head of the colossus. The circumference of the head is one hundred feet, and the breadth of the eyes twenty feet. Whether it be a freak of nature or the work of some waggish priest—the vegetation on the crown appears so trimmed as to form a perfect head of hair; while creeping plants are pendant from the upper lip, resembling a moustache.

"This is the region of the white wax-trees. They are snow-white from lowest branch to their seven-leaved twigs. One is almost inclined to doubt the reality at first. Surely it has not been snowing in this almost tropical clime! This pure white cotton-looking stuff is on the under and outer sides of the branches, and is about a quarter of an inch thick. There are a few dried up bags of the tung-oil tree leaves hanging to the boughs, otherwise the trees are clean and smooth, with ten or twelve branches well laden with snow-white wax. Lovely, wonderful sight! As far as one can see are rows of this tree. The wax itself is the product of a small insect brought from the distant valley of Kien-Chang, nearly four hundred miles from Omei. With admirable sagacity the Chinese have found out that the breeding of the wax-insect and the production of wax through it are two distinct processes, which cannot be combined in one and the same locality. The little insect lays its eggs in those distant mountains upon the paokeh tree. The egg cocoons are brought in great haste into the Omei region, tied into green tung-oil tree leaves, and hung upon the trees, where they hatch almost immediately. In the eighth month the branches are cut off and

scraped; both wax and coccus are boiled, then strained and moulded into the requisite forms. The wax sells for about sixty cents per pound. The whole amount of production for this district might be 1,400,000 pounds. Every attempt to produce good wax in other regions has failed.

"Have I at last reached the Taoist and Buddhist paradise—the heaven of fancy woven into a hundred religious tales? Did kings and warriors of old travel thus far and from this mount gaze upon the snow-range rising between this and Thibet, and imagine themselves on the confines of the spirit world, and believe that in some of those glittering heights far beyond

BUDDHIST PRIESTS, PLAYING AT CHESS.

'jewelled heaven' took its rise? Standing within the precincts of a temple court, a fifteen-storied pagoda in bronze rises about thirty feet high. Upon its surface are 4,700 images of Buddha. All the figures and lettering are most exquisitely wrought. The giant trees rise high above the temples, some filled with clusters of white blossoms, and sparkling beneath the rays of the sun. The shady banks are masses of bloom, and conspicuous among the flowers are the tender pink and white begonias. The bamboo troughs are overflowing with pure cold water coming from a distant spring. I pass the temples dedicated to the goddess of mercy, and skirt along beautiful parks, where the short fine grass is so inviting that I throw myself down at the foot of a tall,

straight pine. Around me are open patches, where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Above me towers a mountain eighteen hundred feet high; below me is a deep ravine. Crimson, blue and white flowers are seen everywhere, while richly-coloured birds soar aloft, and with one strong note swoop down into the hospitable tree-tops.

Here is situated the celebrated monastery 'Clear Water,' which dates as far back as A.D. 265, founded in honour of Puhsien, the 'wide-spreading sage,' who is believed to have come from the spirit mountains of India upon a white elephant. Vast multitudes of pilgrims come every year to this spot. Of the pilgrims I saw fully one-half were women, and they as a rule were above forty years of age. I also observed a curious custom they have of travelling in companies of seven. The rich and poor walk together, and kneel in the same circle around the altars of their gods. Here comes a queenly dowager with retinue of servants, her head adorned with gold and pearls, and heavy gold rings in her ears. An ornamented head-dress of satin folds tightly about her glossy black hair. Her dress, which descends nearly to her lily-flowered shoes, is of brocaded silk or satin, with a thin jacket of rich material. The poor are clad in homespun blue, green or red cotton stuff. Groups of tired women sat chatting and drinking tea at the tables. As I pass them their voices are hushed as if by magic; their uplifted teacups are held suspended; consternation is depicted upon their faces as they gaze upon the strange apparition. I sit down at one of the square tables beyond them, lay aside my staff like a veritable pilgrim, take off my helmet—the same one I wore four years ago when leaving Toronto—wipe the drops from my brow and survey my surroundings.

"What gigantic form is that which towers up before me? I am in the presence of a bronze image, once covered with gold. It is an image of Omito-Buddha, and dates back to the tenth or twelfth century. This Omito is by all odds the most popular of Buddhas with the Chinese. He has several titles, as 'Eternal,' 'Boundless Light,' 'Sovereign Teacher of the Western Heaven,' 'The All-Merciful,' 'The All-Sympathizing.' I have seen worshippers go the round of all the gods in a temple and repeat without intermission 'Omito-foo.' If a man is particularly good and kind to others he is sometimes spoken of as an Omito-foo man. This god is believed to take great delight in helping mortals in their troubles and able to save humanity from the endless cycles of trans-migration, and to give safe transit across the high-billowed bitter ocean into the happy land.

"In one of the quiet courts where the birds sang in the japonica trees, and a pet crab of knowing mien watched me from a crevice in the bricks, I visited a shed in which are half a dozen idols with broken noses, twisted hands and contorted faces—remnants rescued from a recent fire, and waiting sorrowfully for new habitations. On a little tray a red rag, not two feet square, hides some marvellous thing from view. My guide throws aside the rag, and lo! Buddha's tooth is there. It measures fourteen inches in length, eleven inches in the widest part, and is about three inches thick. It is of beautiful yellow ivory, as smooth as glass from handling, and weighs eighteen pounds. It is, of course, a very large elephant's molar. When I said to the devout guardian of this part of Buddha that the god must have had a rather large head to accommodate such a tooth, he replied, 'Yes; but it is a matter I don't fully comprehend.' It has been kept in a separate temple for many centuries.

"Often after the tramp of pilgrims had died away, between the evening meal and late mass, I walked noiselessly from court to court, standing awhile in the cool shrubbery to cast furtive glances at the dark blue vault of heaven, studded with unnaturally large flashing orbs, reflecting bright rays upon the solemn and mystic retreat.

> "'The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night,
> As a feather is wafted downward
> From an eagle in its flight.'"

"My friend, the faithful priest and octogenarian, already fifty-eight years in this temple, is usually found seated by the bell near the feet of his beloved Mil-leh-Buddha, or bending over the precious incense-holder, and patting gently the overflowing incense with his little trowel, or gathering the unburnt stubs of incense and arranging the tapers. I was bewildered by the vast number and great size of the images on thrones and platforms, and felt even a fascination, which I found it difficult to throw off.

"The central object of attraction in the monastery is the 'Bronze Elephant.' It was made at Chenteu by Imperial order in the tenth century, of the purest and most costly bronze known to the Chinese, and is of uncommonly good workmanship. It is surrounded by walls which form a perfect square, with pendentives and a circular dome. The building faces exactly east, and the sun's rays strike the jewel in the god's forehead twice each year, through the small orifice in the dome, and similarly the back of his head from the west. The building, the worship and

the pilgrimages to this sacred shrine remind one of the Caaba of Mecca in the Middle Ages. Chinese from all quarters, Thibetans and border tribes, come here. They circle around, they bow,

A BUDDHIST PRIEST, CHINA.

they pray, they make their sacrifices. The sacred elephant is not less sacred to them than the black stone of the Caaba was to the ancient Arabians.

"I had the good fortune to purchase a passport to the western heaven for the moderate sum of two cents. This included an official letter to Titsang, guardian of hades, who will pass the spirit of the individual whose name is writsen upon the document through his realms, across all the ferries, and finally, by the help of Pu-hsien, over the great bitter sea, which is said to have waves a thousand feet high. Both Titsang and Pu-hsien are working hard in the spirit world and on earth to carry out their numerous vows for the salvation of men and women, and, at the same time, doing something to work out their own salvation, which means the bliss of Nirvana, or the kingdom of perfect happiness. My passport is gotten up in good style, has a picture of Omito-foo, a pagoda, the bitter sea, and a boat in readiness for the departed spirit. An old sore-eyed monk climbed three hundred steps with me for the money, and as we toiled up he pressed my shoulder and said in a confidential tone, 'You have a valuable thing there.'"

Eagerly did our intrepid traveller press towards the summit of Mount Omei, that he mght behold the famous "Aureole"—"the glory of Buddha."

> "'The clouds were far beneath me, bathed in light;
> They gathered midway round the wooded height,
> And in their fading glory shone
> Like hosts in battle overthrown.'

"The view surpassed in delicate combination of colour and form any picture of fancy. We gazed upon the nebulous billows, snow-white and almost ethereal, broken up here and there as the strengthening sun pierced through to glassy river or glimmering vale. The little rivers winding seemingly at our very feet, glittered and gleamed like the phosphorescence of the ocean. Farther on I observed over an archway that I was only 'one step from heaven.' Daily the white feathery clouds come floating and passing the out-jutting points, until the broad expanse directly below us is completely filled. Not a peak remains unveiled. Then the gauze-like clouds float higher and higher, until early in the afternoon—from two to four—the cliffs are mirrored upon these bright white walls. Then, if the observer stands upon the edge of the precipice, and the sun shines brightly upon him, he will see his dark shadow away off upon the white clouds, with an exceedingly bright and sometimes large halo around it, which changes in size and brilliancy every moment as the mists rise, recede or advance. Stretch forth your hands, and the giant shadow does the same. This phenomenon, similar to the Spectre

of the Brocken in the Hartz Mountains, is considered by the devout Chinaman as the manifestation of Buddha's spiritual presence, and an object of worship. Our monk tells us that there are many pilgrims who annually throw themselves over to Buddha."

BUDDHIST PRIEST, JAPAN.

There is something of a chasm in the Chinese mind between a "foreign devil" and the Buddhist god Omito-foo. Our traveller one day leaped the chasm, very much to his own astonishment. "One morning an incident occurred such as one living in the flesh could scarcely expect to behold. It was a scene which will live in memory to the last, and a fitting climax to my already eventful journey. As I entered the hall, filled with the fragrance of early incense, I drew my over-coat closely about me, and gave my red wool cap an extra pull, for the morning was bright and chilly. Two blue pilgrims were prostrating themselves to the Taoist gods, when, seeing me, they wheeled about and prostrated themselves at my feet, knocked their heads several times upon the hard floor, crying continually, Omito-foo! Amita-Buddha! what unexpected honours come to the humble-minded!"

Dr. Hart thus concludes his fascinating narrative. "The reader, having followed my footsteps over comparatively unbeaten paths in this marvellously interesting empire, cannot have failed to form a very high estimate of the province of Sz Chuen, for its natural resources, for its almost tropical luxuriance and unrivalled beauty. Secluded as it has been by natural barriers from that free intercourse with other provinces, which electricity and steam are about to remove, it has remained up to the present time a sort of wonderland—an undefined territory even to the average Chinaman. Steam will tame the wild rapids of its mighty river, and bring an unimagined commercial prosperity to its wealthy centres. Railroads will convey its rich products safely and quickly into Kansu and Thibet. All central Asia will hold out eager hands for its multifarious productions, and thus it will become a highway of nations. Looking at this province in its present and possible future

TRAVELLING IN THE RAINY SEASON.

relations, it challenges the world for a grander field in which to test the heroic spirit of modern missionary enterprise. It presents to the eye of faith a picture of sublime grandeur, the realization of which must come through devotion at home and stubborn conflicts there; through gifts and prayer by those who would support so good a cause, and by more than ordinary sacrifice by those called to enter this distant field. There is no short road to the coveted goal. It will only be reached through sore trials, such as come to every ardent and successful worker of reform—in sacrifices not to be weighed in the little balance which determines the value of separation from country, friends and Christian civilization. Here, as elsewhere, there are presented problems which require mature thought from gifted men and women, to solve which will demand long and patient endurance in well-doing. To plan, to work, to pray is the lot of the intrusted ambassador, even when the heart is bursting with grief at the indifference around him; at the stubbornness and hatred manifested on every face We shall see

the consecrated task borne in light and darkness alike. The worker, now lifted up by hopeful prospects, then as surely cast down, abased and humbled in the dust.

"'But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.'"

Buddhism.

NOTE.—A few paragraphs about the religious system of Buddhism, which we abridge from the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge, will fittingly close this series of papers on China.

Buddhism is the most widely prevalent form of religion in the world. It is the faith of five hundred millions of our race, or nearly half of the earth's population. It is a system of religious truth taught originally by Guatama—"The Light of Asia." He was born near Benares, in India, about six hundred years before Christ. His parents were sovereigns of an extensive province. He was born in the purple, and brought up in luxury in a royal He was early married to his cousin, daughter of the Rajah of Cola. After a time the splendours and pleasures of his daily life ceased to satisfy him. He became conscious of a far higher destiny than that of an earthly prince, so in his twenty-ninth year he made the "great renunciation," left his palace home, and for six years, with five disciples, lived in a jungle so austerely that he was wasted to a shadow. At last he conquered the temptations of the flesh and of the spirit, and set forth to regenerate the world. For forty-four years he travelled through India, everywhere preaching his doctrine of renunciation. When he died his body was burned with Imperial obsequies, and his ashes sent to eight kingdoms, each o which built a monument over its portion.

Guatama, or, as he is commonly called, Sakya Muni (the "Sakya sage"), like Socrates and Jesus, proclaimed his doctrines orally and wrote nothing. Modern Buddhism is a development of the primitive faith, which has three objects—morality, asceticism and *nirvana*. Guatama himself is supposed to be an incarnation of a divine Buddha, of whom there have been many incarnations, or avatars, in mankind. Nirvana is by some considered to be an extinction of the soul. Other authorities say that it means holiness, perfect peace, goodness and wisdom, the extinction of the sinful instincts of the being.

The morality of Buddhism is its brightest side, but many corruptions have been grafted upon the system. Great stress is laid upon maintaining a celibate life. Images and relics of Buddha and other holy personages of the legends are worshipped with offerings of flowers, the performance of music and recitals of hymns and prayers. These prayers are supposed to produce their effect by a kind of magical efficacy. No ear is open to their cry, but the act is meritorious in itself. Hence, the Buddhists have praying machines, worked by wind and water, or mechanical agency.

There are certain striking resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity, especially in the Roman Catholic aspect of the latter, which prepare the way, in a sense, for the acceptance of the Gospel. Primitive Buddhism had and could procure no cheer, only austerities, and at last annihilation. Reformed Buddhism worships one Buddha, to the exclusion of all others. This Buddha bears the title of Amita, the Boundless, or Nirvana. The worshipper renounces all personal merit, and puts faith in nothing but the mercy of Amita. The soul is brought into a state of salvation by the act of faith. Though salvation is thenceforward assured, the delivered does not abandon the conflict; but growth in holiness is the result, not the cause of salvation.

It will thus be seen that God, who does not leave Himself without a witness among men, has sent Guatama His light and so taught an infinitely purer and loftier faith than the abhorrent paganism of India, with its worship of thirty millions of gods, many of them incarnations of all that is loathsome and vile. To Guatama, as to Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and many another earnest seeker after truth, God has vouchsafed a measure of His spirit. The yearning soul,

> Groping blindly in the darkness,
> Touched God's right hand in the darkness,
> And was lifted up to strength.

Some of the Buddhist priests have shown much kindness to the missionaries; others of them are bigoted, jealous and obstructive.

Many of the Buddhist priests retire to caves or huts, where they shut themselves up in solitary confinement. The place is sometimes sealed by numerous strips of paper, on which is written the day when the hermit entered upon his lonely life. Only a little hole is left in the cell through which food is passed. Here the hermit stays for years, keeping a taper lighted before his shrine, and repeating prayers until he becomes dull and stupid. The merit which he is supposed to gain by this self-denying process, it is thought may be made over to another person, and so rich men who do not wish to endure the long confinement hire some one to do it for them.

In practice no doubt many corruptions sprang in and many short-comings were apparent. Many superstitions were engrafted upon this purer faith, and many millions of its dark devotees are without God and without hope in the world. The worship of Buddha's tooth can bring no comfort to a heart burdened with a sense of guilt and sin. The beautiful offerings of flowers and fruits are certainly far superior to the cruel torture of the Indian fakir, and Buddhism, we conceive is a divine preparation of the purer Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

> Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
> Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,
> Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right;
> And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.
>
> —*Lowell.*

THE SHASTA ROUTE.

BY THE EDITOR.

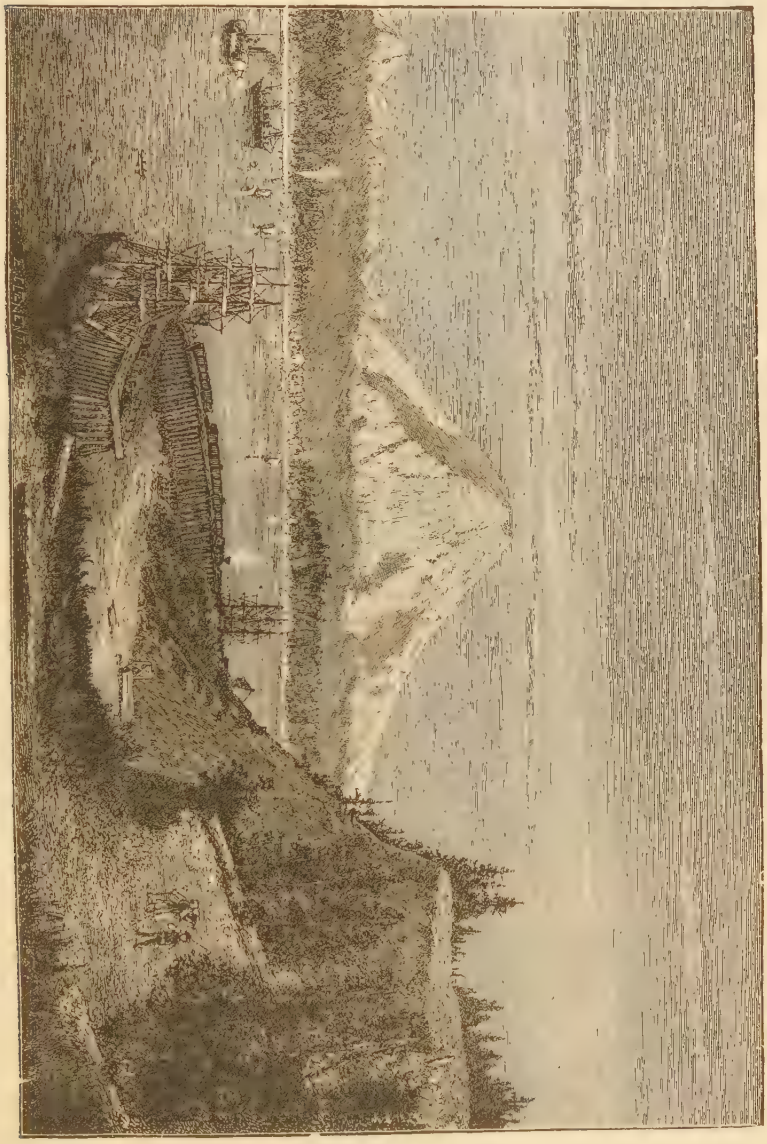
It was a keen regret that engagements in California prevented my revisiting the lovely island city of Victoria, of which I have very pleasant memories. At five o'clock in the morning, of June 29th, I sailed from Vancouver for Seattle and Tacoma, the new and thriving cities on Puget Sound. These may now be reached by rail from Mission Station, on the Canadian Pacific, without proceeding to Vancouver.

The Sound is a vast inlet of the Pacific, bordered on either side with snow-capped mountains, whose foot-hills are clothed with forests of gigantic firs and pines. Great mills convert these into timber which ships of every flag convey to Australia, China, the Sandwich Islands and the various countries of Europe. Our first stop was at Whatcom, an American lumbering town. It so happened that the first train of the Canadian Pacific Railway came into Whatcom while I was there. The whole town was *en fête*. The ships were dressed with flags, and all the steamers and saw-mills blew a terrific blast—long and loud and deafening—as the first Canadian train came in.

I counted seven vessels waiting at one mill for loads of timber, on each of which the mill was paying a demurrage of $60 a day. One of these vessels was a splendid new one from St. John, N.B. It is a lovely sail, over smooth land-locked waters, girdled by hills of richest verdure, to Seattle. The city presents a magnificent appearance as one approaches by night, lit up for many a mile over its rolling hills with electric lights. This is a city of marvellous growth; only two on the continent have surpassed it in the last decade. It was almost entirely swept away by fire a couple of years ago; but it has risen from its ashes fairer than ever, and now claims a population of 65,000. It covers more hills than even Rome, and is traversed everywhere by electric, cable or horse cars. A lovely fresh water lake lies immediately behind the city, whose shores will be lined with handsome villas. The streets are carried over the ravines or "gulches" on lofty stagings in a most audacious manner.

Dominating the country for many a league rises the isolated grandeur of Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, as its official designation now is. Higher than the Jungfrau, nearly as high as Mount Blanc, it presents a much more imposing appearance than either from the fact that it has no adjacent rival. It shines in solitary splendour, like the great white throne of God in the heavens.

Forty miles further up the Gulf of Puget Sound is the stately city of Tacoma. I know no finer approach than that to this young city. An abrupt cliff, about 400 feet high, clothed with richest



MOUNT TACOMA.

verdure, is crowned with successive terraces of elegant villas, surrounded by lawns and embowered amid roses and other flowers of richest form and fragrance. I saw rose-bushes ten feet high,

almost covered with their wealth of flowers, and these continue to bloom, I was told, ten months of the year. The sunset view over the Sound was one of never-to-be-forgotten splendour.

This is country of magnificent distances. Tacoma is about 160 miles from Vancouver. Portland is about 140 miles farther. San Francisco nearly 800 miles farther, and Los Angeles nearly 500 miles farther, and still we are 100 miles from the southern boundary of California.

These cities would be impracticable without the cable cars, which climb with ease and speed the loftiest hills, and relieve one's sensibilities of the distress caused by sympathy with the straining horses of our Toronto street cars. A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* predicts that in ten years there will not be a horse car in America —that they will all be superseded by the electric car. The sooner the better.

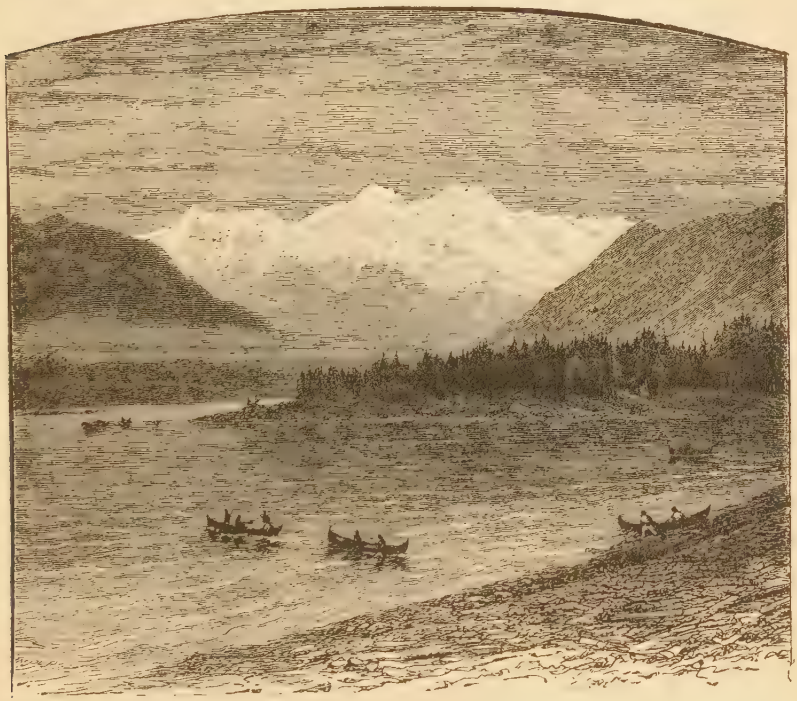
Much attention is given in these western cities to lawn culture, with artificial rockeries covered with ferns, ivy, drosera and the like. Some of the streets are almost as precipitous as those of Quebec, but instead of the quaint old structures of that city we have the newest and most audacious experiments in Queen Anne architecture — composite buildings of vari-coloured stone and brick, and elaborate wooden structures in richest tints of brown and chocolates. These houses are a poem in architecture and abound with the most romantic gables, balconies, quaint oriels, and other architectural caprices. So exceedingly steep was the slope that I counted as many as five terraces in one garden, with as many steep flights of stairs. The houses would need to be pretty firmly anchored lest they should slide off into the water. An enthusiastic Englishman, from Kent, assured me that many acres of these stately houses, including magnificent marble banks, were erected within two years, and in vacant lots in the streets could be seen the huge stumps of the primeval forest. So great is the rush of business that in one block $12,000 was received for rent of the stores while the upper stories were being erected.

The roses were a perpetual astonishment. I saw bushes ten feet high, bearing four hundred roses. The street car conductors and the train boys wore exquisite roses that might adorn a bride. They abounded in the grocer and butcher shops, and made the whole air fragrant with their perfume. Such a ministry of beauty cannot fail to have a refining and uplifting influence.

These Western cities present exaggerated types of the latest Paris fashions. At Vancouver, for instance, I saw a lady wearing splendid orchids in her hat, and remarkably pronounced epaulettes on the shoulders of an elaborately embroidered cloak.

At Tacoma I first saw the operation of hydraulic mining. A powerful stream of water, conveyed through strong hose and directed against a clay bank, tore it away very rapidly. I observed a huge block of coal on the wharf which weighed eight tons. The wealth of forest, soil, mine, fisheries and climate of this Coast will yet make the Provinces and States of the Pacific the most prosperous sections of the country.

Much of the ride from Tacoma to Portland is through fine forest scenery, with rapid streams, clustering mills, open meadows,



THE OLYMPIAN RANGE.

and park-like groups of trees. We crossed on the route the Columbian River, which bears a vaster volume to the sea than even the Father of Waters, the Mississippi. This was formerly named Oregon, of which Bryant speaks:

> "Where rolls the Oregon,
> And hears no sound save its own dashings."

It is now the scene of busy life, with many steamboats, and a great lumber and fishing trade. Like the Fraser River, at certain seasons of the year, it is almost alive with salmon, which in some

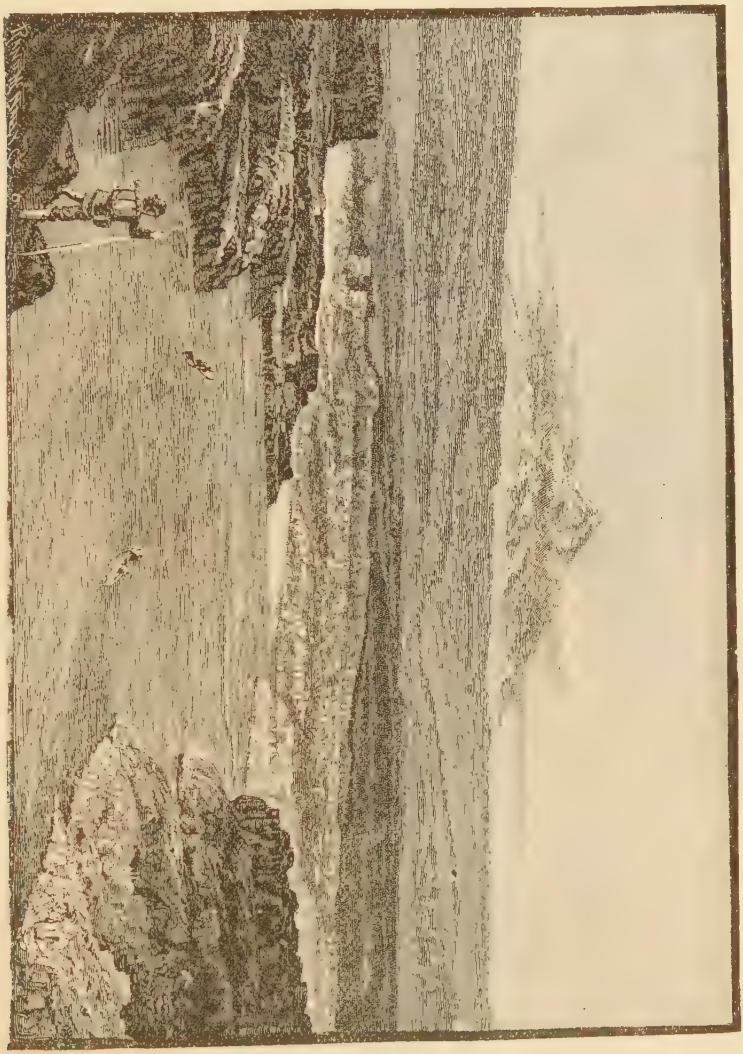
places are caught in immense numbers by the salmon-wheel, whose operation is shown in our cut. This seems taking an undue advantage of the confidence of the salmon, which rushes into the slack water created by the flume into the salmon-wheel, and are soon tossed high and dry on land, or, in a squirming mass in the scow beside the fish-wheel.

In the Northern Pacific States, and in British Columbia, the absence of hardwood trees gives a sombre aspect to the forest and makes the question of fuel a very exigent one.

Portland is a bustling city of about 85,000 inhabitants—the junction of five lines of railway. The Canadian Pacific also runs a steamer to connect with its China line, and with its trans-continental system. The city rests on more hills than did ancient Rome, and much loftier ones. These are scaled by audacious cable-car lines, which climb the boldest slopes and leap across, on lofty trestles, the deepest ravines. From one of these hills, seven hundred feet above tide-water, one gets a magnificent view of the city at his feet, of a vast expanse of country, and of five perpetually snow-clad mountain-peaks. The most prominent of these is Mount Hood, which rests upon the long purple bank of the Cascade Mountains. Its covering of snow and glaciers sparkle in the sunlight, and when suffused with the soft glow of the setting sun reflects the most delicate tints of purple, crimson and gold.

In Portland one comes in contact with a numerous Chinese colony. The streets in certain quarters swarm with men in pig-tails, loose blouses and thick shoes. Some are of handsome, intelligent countenance, others wear a dreamy look, and some a stolid and unintelligent aspect. It was very comical to see the little children in pig-tails and half-shaved heads, with wadded cloaks and trowsers of pink and light-coloured silk, looking like little old men. But bright-eyed little creatures they were. They could wave their little fans as dexterously as any Andalusian coquette. The Chinese, I was informed, are intensely fond of gambling, especially of a kind of lottery, the drawings of which are reported every day. A city official took me to one of these lottery offices, and explained the *modus operandi*. Most of the Chinamen, however, seem to be exceedingly industrious. They were engaged in all sorts of occupations, mostly in making fine shoes, men's clothing and women's underwear, by machinery. Late in the night, and all day Sunday, the click of the sewing machines was heard. In the "gulches" and ravines about the city the Chinamen have little garden patches, which they cultivate most thoroughly, living in squalid little hovels; the vivid green of their garden-

beds making a striking contrast to the poverty of their surroundings. Portland has one of the most striking hotels on the Coast—a large chateau-like structure of fine architectural effect. It cost a million dollars.



THE LOWER COLUMBIA AND MOUNT HOOD.

The long ride from Portland to San Francisco, over the Northern Pacific Railway, traverses some of the most magnificent scenery on the Pacific Coast. On the left are the lofty snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Range—Mounts Adams, Hood, Jefferson, Scott, Pitt, Shasta, and many lesser peaks, and on the right are the lower mountains of the Coast Range.

The humid climate of Oregon develops a magnificent forest growth, with beautiful under-glades of grassy meadow. The country is new and much of it rough, but has great possibilities of development. Salem, the State Capital, is a pleasant town on the Williamette River, enjoying a splendid water-power. The abundant wheat harvest was being cut on the 26th of June. One of my companions in travel was a friendly, frank, garrulous Swiss, a strong-featured man from Interlaken. He spoke very imperfect English, and in very loud tones, with a frequent explosive interjection of "sch." He always spoke of himself in the third person as "she," and gave me much of his personal history. The weather being warm he sat in his shirt-sleeves, and talked on in stentorian tones that could be heard above the rumble of the train all over the car. He liked "Ore*gon*," emphasizing the last syllable, because it was so like his native "Schweitz." He was a staunch Methodist. Many people, he said, were afraid to join the Methodists, because it was nothing but "collect," "collect"; but he found that those who did join, notwithstanding the collections, always got better off. The shrewd old man had the eye of a hawk for noticing the land, the crops, the cattle, the trees, and had wise comments to make on almost every subject of conversation. He got off a mild joke about the Catskill Mountains. "No," he said, "cats kill mice."

A sporting gentleman in the train, while inviting the passengers to take a hand at cards, was exceedingly strong in his denunciations of Toronto. "It is too religious a place," he declared; "No fun going on at all." I observed a conspicuous announcement in the car warning passengers against engaging "in three-card monte," whatever that is, with the emphatic assertion that, "if you do you will *surely* get robbed." I thought that dispraise, from our sporting friend, the highest kind of praise.

Meanwhile the train had been winding up and up, by many a devious curve to the Siskiyou Pass over the mountain, at an altitude of over four thousand feet. The scenery became ever grander and grander. Many of the peaks were over ten thousand feet, and the majestic Mount Shasta rose to the height of 14,442 feet.

As late as 1832 a grand eruption occurred at Mount St. Helen's, which scattered dust and ashes for hundreds of miles. Even at the present time there are patches on the slope where the snow never rests. The theory is that the fire-demon is not dead but sleeping, and may one day burst his rocky walls.

Table Rock is a striking elevated table, its summit line being as straight as if shorn off with a knife. During the Indian wars

a number of he savages were driven over the perpendicular cliffs to instant death. Pilate Knob, a rugged, solitary shaft, 6,400 feet above the sea, was a guiding peak to the pioneer explorers, visible for one hundred and fifty miles. From this lonely watch-tower the signal-fires of the redmen shone thoughout the night for many a league.

Muir's Peak, or Black Bute, is a sombre volcanic cliff, black, bare and desolate, with five extinct crater cups. One of these bears the name of "Goose Nest," and is symmetrically rounded, and large enough for the biggest roc's egg that Sinbad ever dreamt of.

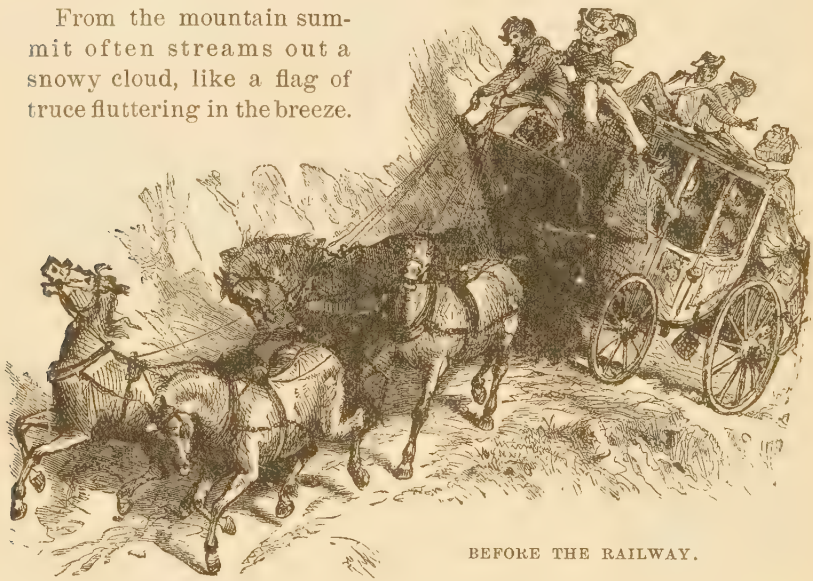
SALMON-WHEEL AND FISHERMAN.

The lava cliffs and cloud-capped towers of the cascade range are wonderfully impressive. The railway climbs over the mountain by a grade of 3·3, said to be the steepest wide guage grade in the country. It climbs in winding curves. Over this rocky region, in the old staging times, passengers were jolted black and blue in the eight hundred mile ride from Sacramento to Oregon, somewhat as shown in our cut.

The grandest feature of the road, however, is the majestic Mount Shasta, which all day long dominated the whole region, growing ever higher and higher till we are within eleven miles of its base, and then gradually sinking as we receded. Shining in its glorious beauty and in its virgin purity, it recalled the words of the Scripture describing the robes of the glorified: "So white that no fuller could white them." Mount Shasta can be climbed without difficulty, but Mount Tacoma, or Rainer, as it is

officially titled, which rises in isolated and solitary grandeur from the plain, has only been ascended twice or thrice, and then with infinite difficulty. On the summit of Mount Shasta is a geodetic monument, erected by the Coast Survey. It was a hollow metal shaft which weighed nearly two tons. It was conveyed on pack animals eleven thousand feet up the mountain, and then carried to the summit in sections on the backs of Indians. The polished copper top weighed sixty-eight pounds—a heavy load to tug in the rarefied atmosphere of over 14,000 feet. It could be seen flashing in the sunlight at Mount St. Helena, one hundred and ninety miles away, the longest geodetic line in the world.

From the mountain summit often streams out a snowy cloud, like a flag of truce fluttering in the breeze.



BEFORE THE RAILWAY.

This "snow banner" is really a stream of vapour, condensed by the cold north wind, stretching from the mountain summit in white filaments a mile or more in length. The fluttering, swaying motion of this ghostly pennant, waving its snowy streamer far out over the ridges and then suddenly vanishing into air, is a phenomenon of striking beauty.

Descending Mount Shasta is a good deal easier than ascending it. A gunny-sack, or mat of some kind is furnished by the guide on which the tourist makes a rapid glissade and reaches the snow limit much more rapidly than he ascended.

The flora and fauna of these mountain heights is of great variety, the latter including specimens, rare elsewhere, of antelopes, American chamois, mountain sheep, and a unique specimen of ibex: also elk, deer, and bear. The nut pine is the bread fruit

of the Digger Indians. It bears an enormous cone, often eighteen inches long, with seeds as large as an almond.

Away up the southwestern front of Shasta there starts a little stream, so small that a drinking-cup could almost drain it dry. Yet this is the Sacramento River, which we shall follow for three hundred miles to San Francisco, where it pours its water through the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific. In eighty miles we cross the Sacramento eighteen times, and pass through a dozen tunnels. The road drops rapidly at first into a tremendous gorge, travelling over five miles in serpentine curves to advance half a mile and descending six hundred feet. The forest vistas, with glorious glimpses of the snowy Shasta—we in deep shadow, it still gleaming in the sunset light—are wonderfully impressive.

In a remarkably picturesque nook is a natural soda-fountain, which sends up a jet of water thirty feet high. The train stops and everyone gets out to drink the water. It is strongly impregnated with gas, sparkling, effervescent, and exceedingly palatable.

Ever the valley deepens, the cliffs rise higher and higher, and the reckless river frets and chafes in foaming wrath through its channel. Castle Rock is a gigantic upheaval of solid granite, rising at a single bound four thousand feet above the valley. These rocks, with their columns and minarets of steel-grey granite, gleaming in the setting sun like a topaz, are as impressive as anything in the Yosemite.

> "Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Here we get our last glimpse of glorious Shasta, which has dominated our journey all day long. In the Sacramento Valley some of the richest finds of gold occur in placer diggings, where the tumbled tailings show the *débris* of former mining operations.

Passing through Sacramento very early in the morning, we ride for miles through the broad Sacramento Plain, a boundless field of wheat, studded with live oaks, elms, and occasional fruit farms. The lambent stars gleam like diamonds on the brow of dawn, the sun rises gloriously, the broad day flashes out on the endless fields of grain, white unto the harvest. Soon the briny breath of ocean greets the senses in a grateful breeze, and, winding around the many curves of Sacramento Bay, we reach Oaklands, the elegant suburb of San Francisco. Crossing the bay in twenty minutes in a magnificent steam ferry, which can carry four thousand passengers, we reach at length the city of St. Francis, and catch through the Golden Gate a vision of the far Pacific.

THE REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON is the heir of spiritual and temporal blessings, owing their origin to a godly ancestry. "Piety, uprightness, and loyalty," are characteristics claimed for the family to which the subject of this review belongs. John Spurgeon, in 1677, for conscience' sake, was imprisoned in Chelmsford

jail, for fifteen weeks, because, like Bunyan, he would not forbear from preaching the Gospel. The record for piety and usefulness of Charles Spurgeon's great-grandfather and grandfather, on his father's side, is remarkable. His father's birthplace was Stambourne. At first engaged in commercial pursuits, he entered the ministry after reaching the prime of life, and has proved himself a good workman in the Master's field of toil.

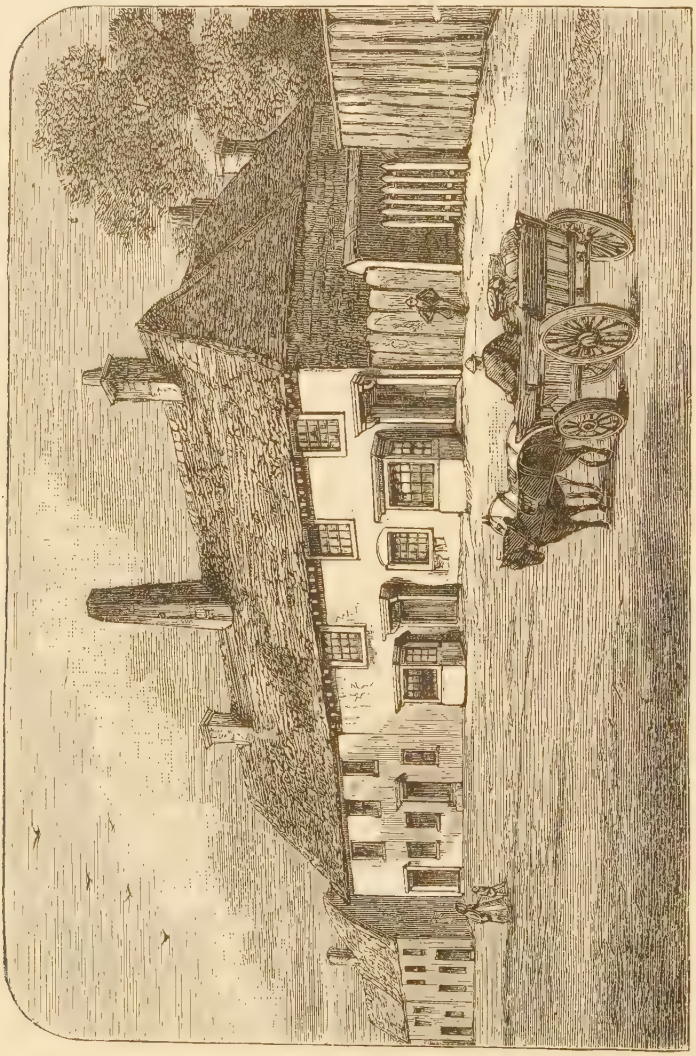
Charles H. Spurgeon was born in Essex on June 19th, 1834. He was early removed to his grandfather's house at Stambourne, where "he soon developed into the thoughtful boy, fonder of his book than of his play." His piety seems to have been precocious. Returning to his father's house when seven years of age, advantage was taken of the limited opportunities which his village home afforded for securing an education. His conversion occurred at an early period in his life. Deeply convinced of sin; led, in spite of his moral life, to see the enormity of transgression against the Divine law, he writes: "My heart was broken in pieces." Six months' prayer failed to bring him comfort. He visited every place of worship in the town where he lived, but speaking of that period, he writes as follows:

"Though I dearly venerate the men that occupy those pulpits now, and did so then, I am bound to say that I never heard them once fully preach the Gospel. I mean by that, they preached with great truths, many great truths that were fitting to many of their congregation."

But the truth he needed, as a sinner seeking Christ, was not preached. His earnest search was at length rewarded in this wise:

"At last, one snowy day,—it snowed so much, I could not go to the place I had determined to go to, and I was obliged to stop on the road, and it was a blessed stop to me, — I found rather an obscure street, and turned down a court, and there was a little chapel. I wanted to go somewhere, but I did not know this place. It was the Primitive Methodist chapel. I had heard of these people from many, and how they sang so loudly that they made people's head ache; but that did not matter. I wanted to know how I might be saved, and if they made my head ache ever so much I did not care. At last a very thin-looking man came into the pulpit and opened his Bible and read these words: 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.' Just setting his eyes upon me, as if he knew all my heart, he said, 'Young man, you are in trouble.' Well, I was, sure enough. Says he, 'You will never get out of it unless you look to Christ,' and then, lifting up his hands, he cried out, as only, I think, a Primitive Methodist could do, 'Look, look, look! It is only look!' said he. I saw at once the way of salvation. Oh, how I did leap for joy at that moment! I knew not what else he said. I did not take much notice of it, I was so possessed with that one thought. Like as when the brazen serpent was lifted up, they only looked and were healed. I had been waiting to do

fifty things, but when I heard this word 'Look!' what a charming word it seemed to me. Oh, I looked until I could almost have looked my eyes away; and in heaven I will look on still in my joy unutterable."



BIRTHPLACE OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

Many years after Mr. Spurgeon preached in that Primitive Methodist chapel an anniversary sermon, founded on Isaiah xlv. 22, which he prefaced by some account of his own conversion.

Though his early religious training was received among the Independents, Mr. Spurgeon's views on the subject of baptism suffered a positive change after his conversion. He was ac-

cordingly publicly immersed on May 3rd, 1851, and, though rejecting the more exclusive views of the Baptists, has, as the world knows, remained a consistent member of that society ever since. It is related of Mrs. Spurgeon, the mother of the famous pastor, that speaking on one occasion of her solicitude for his conversion, she said: "Ah, Charley, I have often prayed that you might be saved, but never that you should become a Baptist." To this the son made the characteristic reply, "God has answered your prayer, mother, with His usual bounty, and given you more than you asked."

REV. JOHN SPURGEON.

Mr. Spurgeon's example has sometimes been quoted by those who deny the value of a careful and exact college training for ministers of the Gospel. The fact is that, but for a curious accident, the Baptist preacher would have had such a training, and though deprived of liberal culture in his youth, has neglected no later opportunities for supplying the lack. His efforts to secure a preparatory training for preachers of his own denomination are of world-wide celebrity, and should silence the happily decreasing number who foolishly use his name when deprecating the need for an educated ministry.

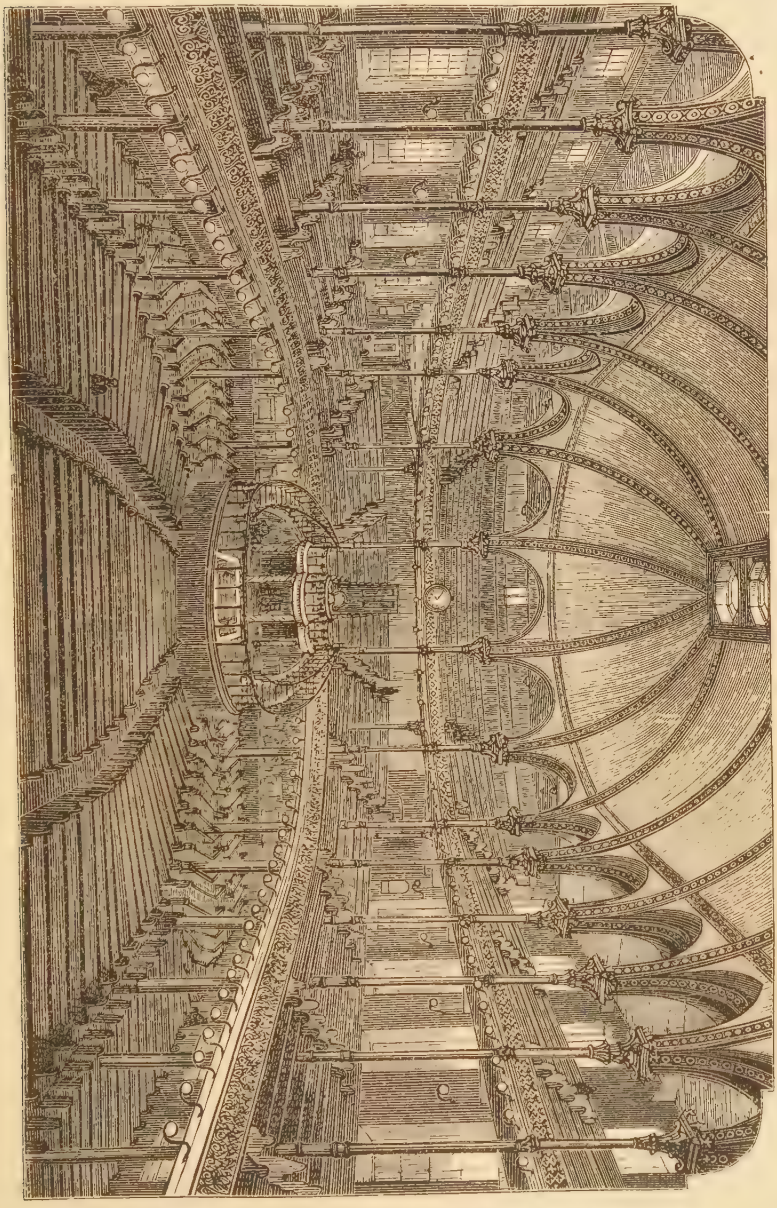
When sixteen years of age, Mr. Spurgeon preached his first sermon in a little cottage in the village of Taversham, about four miles from Cambridge. His text was, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious" (1 Pet. ii. 7). He was "attired in a round jacket and broad turn-down collar," and his preaching, it is said, gave promise of great future usefulness. His first pastorate was at Waterbeach, where his labours were eminently successful, but where he was not long permitted to remain, as in 1854, through the influence mainly of Mr. James Low, he received a hearty call to the New Park Street Church, London. He hesitated to accept the call, both on account of his extreme youth and his tender relations to the people over whom he was pastor. Ultimately he became a London preacher, and at the early age of twenty entered upon the toils and successes which during the past forty years have made his name a household word.

Shortly after beginning his work in London the city was visited with Asiatic cholera. He tells us that during this period of anxiety and sorrow, one day, as he was returning mournfully home from a funeral, curiosity led him "to read a paper which was wafered up in a shoemaker's window in the Dover Road. It did not look like a trade announcement, nor was it; for it bore in a good bold handwriting these words: 'Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.'" In the strength gathered from this Scripture, so opportunely brought under his notice, the young pastor resumed his severe and apparently perilous toils. "The Providence which moved the tradesman to place the verses in his window," he writes, "I gratefully acknowledge, and in the remembrance of its marvellous power I adore the Lord my God."

On January 8th, 1856, Mr. Spurgeon was married to the amiable lady who, for nearly forty years, has been his helpmeet. During the same year the Royal Surrey Gardens Music Hall was taken for the purpose of holding Sabbath morning services. Meanwhile arrangements were perfecting for building the great Tabernacle, which was completed in 1861. This building is capable of seating 5,500, and perhaps 6,500 may be brought within its walls. Large as this magnificent place of worship is, it is so perfect in its arrangements that every one may hear and see the speaker, granting, of course, that the speaker knows how to make himself heard. The view of the interior, which we present, will give the reader an admirable idea of its appearance.

The following is a description, by one who heard him, of the

appearance and style of Charles H. Spurgeon when he entered upon his work in the Tabernacle in 1857:



INTERIOR OF TABERNACLE.

"He is of medium height, at present quite stout, has a round and beardless face, not a high forehead, dark hair, parted in the centre of the head. He betrays his youth and still wears a boyish countenance. His figure is

awkward, his manners are plain, his face (except when illumined by a smile) is admitted to be heavy. His voice seems to be the only personal instrument he possesses, by which he is enabled to acquire such a marvellous power over the minds and hearts of his hearers. His voice is powerful, rich, melodious, and under perfect control. Twelve thousand have distinctly heard every sentence he uttered in the open air, and this powerful instrument carried his burning words to an audience of twenty thousand gathered in the Crystal Palace."

To most men, the duties which belong to the care of such a flock as that which calls Mr. Spurgeon pastor, would appear sufficient to engage greater energy than even his own. He was possessed with a consuming restlessness to do good, and was blessed with a gift, even rarer still—the ability to impart his enthusiasm to others. An ordinary man can work when the line of work is indicated. A man, sometimes more than ordinary, can devise new methods of labour for himself. He is a great man who can plan and do work himself so that for every stroke he makes ten others are made, for every good deed he does ten more are set in motion. This the famous Baptist preacher did. His was a working congregation. His new methods of labour brought into play the consecrated talents of hundreds, perhaps thousands, who would never have been so great a blessing in the world, but for the guiding hand of the man of whom we write.

Among the important undertakings which, outside of his ministerial duties, have called so largely upon Mr. Spurgeon's sympathies and time, a prominent place should be given to the Stockwell Orphanage. The subject deserves an article in itself. In an early issue of the *Sword and Trowel,* attention was called to various forms of Christian usefulness, the care of orphan children among others. The article was good seed in good ground, for soon afterwards a lady (Mrs. Hillyard) wrote to Mr. Spurgeon offering to place $100,000 at his disposal, for the purpose of founding an orphanage for fatherless boys. Hesitating at first to assume so vast a responsibility, at length, after consulting with friends, in whose judgment he reposed, the fund was invested in the name of twelve trustees, the ground purchased, and the work begun. It was surprising how the money came in and from whom. Friends appeared in all denominations. The work was plainly of the Lord. One who has examined the Orphanage says of it:

"The families are large, about thirty boys in each house, but they are under the care of affectionate and diligent matrons, and everything is done to compensate for the loss of parental love and training. There is more of the 'home' than of the 'institution' in the atmosphere. To encourage

home ideas, and for the sake of industrial training, the boys in turn assist in domestic work during the morning of the day; each boy's period of service being restricted to one week in six, servants being entirely dispensed with. A working cook superintends the kitchen, aided by boys. No uniform is suffered. The boys differ in the clothes they wear, in the cut of their hair, and show all the variety of a large family. . . . With all the care of a Christian father, situations are chosen for the lads where their spiritual interests will not be in danger; and when they have passed into them the master corresponds with them, and gives them counsel as they need."

The Pastors' College has made large demands upon Mr. Spurgeon's heart and brain and nerve. It was the first institution commenced by the pastor, and it remained to the last his first-born and best beloved. It was begun in 1856, two deacons, Mr. Rogers, the tutor and himself being the staff. There was one pulpil. The early days of the college were spent amid great perplexity and not a few financial straits. Happily, however, the Divine blessing has rested upon it, so that to-day new and commodious buildings are possessed, free of debt, worth about $75,000, and hundreds of young men are now proclaiming the Gospel, whose training was received from the Pastors' College. Mr. Spurgeon's "Lectures to My Students," published in large numbers and in cheap form, have enabled many to secure some portion of the advantages of this College who have never entered its walls or seen its founder.

Believing in the statement made in one of his own sermons, that "the printing-press is the mightiest agency on earth for good or evil," Mr. Spurgeon has not only made free use of it in the publication of his sermons and books, but has established a Colportage Association, the object being "the increased circulation of religious and healthy literature among all classes." Two methods or classes of agents are employed to carry out this object —paid colporteurs, whose duty is to visit "every accessible house with Bibles and good books and periodicals for sale, and performing other missionary services, such as visitation of the sick and dying, the conducting of meetings and open-air services as opportunities occur," and book agents who, for a commission, further the sale of literature of that kind. The association is unsectarian and has done a work of no small value. In one year the seventy-nine colporteurs sold 105,114 books and 272,698 magazines, besides distributing gratuitously 794,044 tracts, and making 630,-993 visits.

This article would be sadly wanting if no record, however brief, were made of Mrs. Spurgeon and her work. A constant sufferer for years, she has sought from her quiet chamber to direct

a work that doubtless has resulted in blessing many. The object of her loving solicitude is poor pastors, to whom she sends books. These pastors are of other denominations as well as her own. Her

MRS. CHARLES SPURGEON.

own purse has contributed largely to the fund employed for this purpose. Friends hearing of it have cheered the noble woman's heart by giving towards the good object which so engages her thought.

It would be most improper to omit mention of the large-hearted

generosity of this noble Christian couple. It is wonderful. They have repeatedly emptied into the Lord's treasury gifts intended for their own use. Their use of their wealth was a living realization of the principle of stewardship which the New Testament sets before us.

Two sons (twin boys) became preachers of the Gospel. Charles is pastor of a congregation in Greenwich. His sermons are racy, clear and good. Thomas, known somewhat as a writer, is labouring in New Zealand. He has inherited something of his father's humour and gives promise of a life of successful toil in the Master's vineyard. He displays fair poetical talent.

In preparing this sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's life-work, the writer has abstained from the *rôle* of a critic. It would be easy to find fault and call ill-natured grumbling criticism. It would not be difficult, perhaps, to indicate something in Mr. Spurgeon's style, theology and methods of work to which objection might be properly taken. Let us confess, however, that our admiration for the man, his large-heartedness, his detestation of "cant," his honesty, his loyalty to truth as he understands it, makes criticism an ungenial task. Mr. Gladstone has called the famous Baptist pastor "the last of the Puritans." On the whole we like the sample, and think his ancestors may be proud of him. For however modern "culture" may sneer, and however little an Arminian may like their theology, these old Puritans were made of purified clay, and must be ranked among the world's largest creditors. By the breadth of his sympathy, and his firm grip upon evangelical truth, he belongs to the entire Christian Church, and has done his fair share toward the upbuilding of the larger faith that shall yet supersede our smaller denominational creeds.

DEATH.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, A.M.,
President of Baker University.

And art thou dead,
And hast thou gone
Where shadows are and light is dim?
And hast thou fled
Into that dawn
Whose glory blinds the seraphim?

We watch and wait;
But brief *thy* stay
As star blaze through the clefts of storm;
Within the gate
Thou art. God's day
Enfolds: His glory girds thy form.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

The first World's Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union brought together from all quarters of the globe a goodly gathering of God's "elect women." Among the delegates from the ten thousand societies and half-million adherents of this organization there were many distinguished for faith and good works; but it is, perhaps, safe to say that no more notable person was seen and heard in the convention than Lady Henry Somerset, president of the British Woman's Temperance Union. She was born in 1851, and is the eldest daughter of Earl and Countess Somers, of Eastnor Castle, Ledbury, Herefordshire. She succeeded to the vast estates of her father, and has large possessions in the heart of London. The family had been land-owners in County Kent for over seven hundred years, and numbers many illustrious men and women in its line of succession. She was married in 1872 to Lord Henry Somerset, second son of the Duke of Beaufort. Her only child was born in 1874, and then, indeed, she seemed to have all that earth could bestow. England's most aristocratic society claimed her as its own, and with this she seemed content until 1885. Frances Willard says: "The story of her complete change of heart and life is more interesting than fiction." She had always felt deep spiritual longings; now she left the social gaities and spent some months in retirement. The lessons she learned from God were shown in her devoted service for the Master. Recognizing her duty toward her tenantry, she was confronted at once with the terrible drink problem. She who had been the light of West End aristocratic drawing-rooms, went to West End missions to help and to save the lost.

One day, at St. James' Hall, the West London Mission conducted by Hugh Price Hughes, a woman walked quietly into the meeting and at the close said to the superintendent: "I will gladly receive into my country home some of the destitute poor in the slums of Soho." She gave her name as Lady Henry Somerset, and has been since then one of the strongest supporters of that mission. She says, "My greatest desire is that a day spent at Eastnor may be a happy memory to tired and hard-working men and women."

"I shall never forget," says Lady Somerset, "the feelings with which I walked away from St. James' Hall three years ago, after attending the first meeting I ever went to in that place. I did not go home, but I went away into St. James' Park, and sat down on a seat, while my heart overflowed with thankfulness, for I felt that not only would the love of God be

told out to the great throbbing heart of West London, but that the Gospel would be lived out in the Christlike lives of those who, by their tender sympathy and healing touch, would take of the things of God and show them to poor, weary, sin-sick, struggling souls."

There, on the bench in St. James' Park, sprang into life the ideal of a most Christlike "Fresh Air Mission." Can you imagine a greater contrast than the slums of Soho, with their reeking filth, physical and moral, fetid air, sufferings, sorrow and crime, and Eastnor, sun-crowned, heaven-kissed, with its lake and woods, its terraces and fountains, its gardens and conservatories, and its glorious outlook? And this physical contrast only typifies the contrast in life as lived in the two places, and the change Lady Henry Somerset has introduced into dreary lives. Ever since she sat on that bench in St. James' Park "with heart overflowing with thanksgiving," that thanksgiving has expressed itself in service for her less fortunate sisters. Yet this is only the beginning, for Lady Henry Somerset is a Macedonian giver, she gives *herself;* the love of God is translated into language they can understand by the tenderness of this royal-souled woman. For these and for her tenantry she sustains four missions on the estate, each equipped with its own chapel and minister.

When the British Woman's Temperance Union was trying to find a successor to Margaret Bright Lucas, it was Hanna Whitall Smith who persuaded Lady Henry Somerset to accept the position. She is eloquent on the platform and delightfully fresh and unhackneyed. Concerning the president of the W. C. T. U. she has said: "Miss Willard has bewitched the women of America and of the world into a wonderful coalition against sin." The outgoing of her heart toward humanity is shown in this extract from an address: "It seems to me there never was a time when the voice of God spoke more clearly to the hearts of men; and His new commandment that ye love one another as He has loved us comes like a fresh revelation, as though a new light had been shed on the infinite extent of the love which bids us embrace the sorrowing, the sinful, the outcast, with the outstretched arms of Him who gave His life for every poor, storm-tossed soul."

Addressing a gathering of thousands at Eastnor Castle just before election, Lady Somerset said: "At the cost of sacrifice, of toil, of willing, loving, unflinching, surrendered lives, must the great victory for temperance be won. When the political struggle is hot, and your opinions run high in favour of this party or that, consecrate that vote of yours to this one great question, and the riddle will be solved that includes others. We want God's honour

remembered at the ballot-box, and we need not be afraid that He will not watch over the best interests of our nation."

The First World's Temperance Convention.

Old Faneuil Hall, Boston, never welcomed a more notable body of women, certainly not one representing so many nations and so high and holy a cause, as it did in November, 1891, when representatives of the world's white-ribboners assembled there. The old historic portraits hung on its walls; but now the womanly element comes in and mingles with them emblems of woman's work for humanity. All around the hall was festooned the Woman's Petition to the governments of the world to protect the home, containing 1,000,000 names in forty tongues; banners emblazoned, "For God and Home and Humanity," and kindred mottoes, abounded. Directly in front of the stage hung the flag of the Empire of Japan, the rising sun on a white background, with the W. C. T. U. beneath; at its right hung Siam's banner.

In introducing Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Willard spoke as follows:

Noble and happy is her lot who, unspoiled by rank or wealth, brings to her great task as a philanthropist a head so level, a heart so mellow, a hand so helpful and a face so kind. Our love shall find in her

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food,
> And yet a spirit pure and bright,
> With something of an angel's light."

The daughter of an earl, the mother of a prospective duke, with a pedigree seven hundred years long, and estates involving a tenantry of over a hundred thousand persons, our distinguished guest includes the submerged tenth of London and the miners of Wales as her favourite fields of Christian influence; the Salvation Army as her strongest ally, and the white ribboners as her chosen friends and comrades. The exclusiveness of the famous "Four Hundred" in New York, with their pinchbeck aristocracy, has a perfect offset in the pure gold of her character, whose inclusiveness of Christian sympathy has brought her here to-day. She who comes to us in the strength of her ardent devotion and her youthful prime, and of whom it has been said so well by those whom her sweet charity has blessed, "Lady Henry Somerset is a whole fresh air mission in herself."

Let us greet her as she deserves, who is so strong, so sweet and winsome. Let the white lilies bloom! New England greets Old England's gracious daughter; the Middle States give her allegiance; the kindly South wafts her the fragrance of its welcome; the mighty West and the Pacific Coast delegates round out the salute "like the swell of some sweet tune." But not these daughters of the Great Republic only stand up to welcome England's heroic daughter and our white ribbon comrade. The climax of our salutation comes from our Canadian cousins, who are her closest kindred

on this side the sea, and from those devoted delegates to the World's Convention who have endured an ocean voyage—some for a month, some for six weeks—to meet us here. No honour we can show to Lady Henry Somerset matches that of these missionary women, who represent vaster populations than all the English-speaking race, and who are loyal subjects of the world's white ribbon kingdom.

> "For Eastern or Western or Northern we,
> Canadian, Australian or Isles of the Sea,
> We are every one English in welcoming thee.'

Then the old crusading hymn, "Rock of Ages," was sung, after which Lady Henry Somerset led in prayer, and gave the address of welcome as follows:

During the siege of Lucknow a little Scotch girl looked up at her mistress and said, "Dinna ye hear the pipes?" telling that deliverance was at hand; and as I stand here to-day it seems to me that I hear the pipes which sound the deliverance of all nations from the curse of the opium and liquor traffic. As I stand here in this grand old place where American independence was born, I am reminded of the fact that your ancestors did well; but to-day we are gathered to make a declaration of a grander independence that shall deliver men from the worst forms of bondage with which the souls of mankind have ever been shackled.

I cannot find words to express the deep feelings of love and heartfelt admiration with which I regard the splendid work America has done, the courage and faith of the womanhood of this land, who have been able to look right away from their own immediate needs and present surroundings to the horizon of the great world beyond, sending forth noble women strong in the power of the Almighty, claiming the promise with unhesitating faith, which shall surely be fulfilled: "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." I shall not easily forget the impression made on my mind when I first heard of Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt and her arrival in England. I longed with a great desire to see that woman who had passed from land to land, raising Christ's standard of temperance and purity. When I saw her delicate, frail form, and heard how she had braved the burning heat of the tropical sun, the long journeys, the loneliness and the privations in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and in thirst, in fasting often, I knew that her strength had been sustained, because to her had come the whispered promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee, my strength is made perfect in strengthlessness," and I understood the secret of her power. Others are following in her footsteps, and we know to-day, as our prayers and our heart's love go after them, that by such faith as theirs we shall claim the promises of the uttermost parts of the earth for God.

I am sometimes weighed down with the thought of the awful responsibility for which England will have to answer in this matter of the drink traffic, but above all with the terrible load of responsibilities which lies at our door with regard to India's opium curse.

We are beginning in these days to understand something of the soli-

darity of labour; but thank God we are learning a still greater lesson, and we are also beginning to understand something of the solidarity of humanity. The wretched barriers which have been built up between nation and class and creed are being broken down, and following only the bloodstained banner of the cross, we are ready now to go forth from England and say that these things shall not be.

It shall be woman's voice to-day gathered from every nation. She shall proclaim this new doctrine of personal and equal purity. She shall step willingly right out from the shelter of the home circle into the great arena of the world's strife, for she has heard the voice of God calling her to rescue those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and in fear. It shall be woman whom God shall send as His herald to proclaim the dawning of the day when His kingdom shall be established; her message, "Fear not, for I am with you; bring my sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth, even every one that is called my name, as I have created him for my glory." Sisters, gathered from all quarters of the globe, the great world lies before us—the world over which Christ wept, and for which Christ died. Our truest communion is to know something of the sorrow which weighed our Master down in Gethsemane's moonlit garden, our highest privilege to share the burden of the world's sin, which nailed Him to the cross of Calvary. We meet but for a moment, and to clasp each other's hands, to speak a word of cheer as we greet each other along the ramparts of life, and then go forth each to her appointed calling, either to the citadel of home, or to the outpost duty, until the dawns and the shadows flee away, and we stand together in the land which oceans can divide no more in the presence of the Great Commander. Till then, dear sisters, we shall be one in heart as we meet in spirit, to gird the great world with a golden belt of prayer, and as we look into each other's faces we say:

> "And though our ways be separate,
> And thy way is not mine,
> Yet, coming to the mercy seat,
> My soul will meet with thine,
> And God keep watch between thee and me,
> I'll whisper there
> He blesseth thee, He blesseth me, and we are near."

Mrs. Katharine Lunte Stevenson then read this poem:

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

They are coming, they are coming!
The all-conquering hosts of God!
Fair, white lilies, springing stately,
Mark the paths their feet have trod.
From the far-off Afric plain lands;
From dark mountains, and from sea;
From far islands, and from mainlands;
March God's hosts to victory!

They are coming, they are coming
Heart to heart and hand to hand;
Best and truest from all nations,
Our own brave white-ribbon band!
One, though far-off seas divide them;
One, though first e'en now they meet;
One in thought, and one in purpose,
One in service—bond most sweet!

How our hearts rise swift to meet them,
White-robed children of the light!
Gladly would we strew with roses,
Each step of their pathway bright.
Gladly do we hail their coming,
As a foretaste of that day
When, as one, all climes shall gather
'Neath our Master's glorious sway.

. . . . . .

Oh! our ears have caught the music,
Wafted from the heights above;
"God is love, and he is God-like,
Only he, who lives to love."

Love is service—fullest, freest,
Seeking naught, but giving all,
Pouring forth in glad libation
Life itself at duty's call.

They are coming, they are coming!
Marching to this music sweet;
What though long the road and weary,
What thought now of bleeding feet.
God is guiding, God is calling,
His own need is voiced through man's,
And each heart responds, "Send me, Lord,"
At this gathering of the clans.

A notable feature of this World's Convention was the reports from delegates from many distant parts of the world. There are branches of the Union, we believe, in forty different countries, and the women's petition to all the governments of the world for the suppression of the trade in intoxicating drinks is written in forty different languages. Among the persons introduced to the Convention were a lady from Australia, who travelled five weeks on sea to get there, another from Burmah, two from the Hawaiian Islands, Mrs. Dr. Mansell, of India, who had treated professionally over 100,000 native women, an Arab lady from Egypt, two ladies from South Africa, Mrs. Tel Sono, of Japan, whose way of applauding sentiments uttered was to say, "Amen," a lady missionary from China, representing the 200,000,000 women of that country, Madame Angelini, of Italy, who said, "They of Italy salute you," Mrs. Foster and Miss Tilley, Mrs. Williams and Miss Scott, Miss Bowes and Miss Phelps, of Canada, and many others from all parts of the earth.

Lady Henry Somerset presented the following declaration of principles:

We believe in the coming of His kingdom whose service is the highest liberty, because His laws, written in our members, as well as in nature and in grace, "are perfect, converting the soul."

We believe in the gospel of the golden rule, and that each man's habits of life should be an example, safe and beneficent for every other man. We therefore formulate, and for ourselves adopt, the following pledge, asking our brothers in a common danger and a common hope, to make common cause with us in working out the reasonable and helpful precepts unto the practice of everyday life.

PLEDGE.

To confirm and enforce the rationale of this pledge, we declare our purpose to educate the young; form a better public sentiment; reform, so far

as possible, by religious, ethical and scientific means, the drinking classes ; seek the transforming power of divine grace for ourselves and all for whom we work, that they and we may wilfully transcend no law of pure and wholesome living ; and finally we pledge ourselves to labour and pray that all these principles, founded upon the Gospel of Christ, may be worked out into the customs of society and the laws of the land.

To this end we plead with all good women throughout Christendom to join with us heart and hand in the holy endeavour to protect and sanctify the home as that temple of the Holy Ghost which, next to the human body itself, is dearest of all to our Creator, that womanhood and manhood, in equal purity, personal liberty and peace, may climb to those blest heights where "there shall be no more curse."

We ask all women like-minded with us in this sacred cause, to wear the white ribbon as the badge of our allegiance, to lift up their hearts with us to God at the noon-tide hour of prayer, to take as their motto, "For God and Home and Humanity," and to unite with us in allegiance to the foregoing declarations of principles, and to the following summary of our plans and purposes.

In the love of God and humanity, we, representing the Christian women of the world, band ourselves together with the solemn conviction that our united faith and works will, with God's blessing, prove healthful in creating a strong public sentiment in favour of personal purity of life, including total abstinence from the use of all narcotic poisons, the protection of the home by outlawing of the traffic in alcoholic liquors, opium, tobacco and impurity, the suppression by law of gambling and Sunday desecration, the enfranchisement of the women of all nations, and the establishment of courts of national and international arbitration which shall banish war from the world.

The following letter to Miss Willard from John G. Whittier was read:

My Dear Friend,—Thy letter has just reached me. To the summons of no person living would I more readily respond than to thine. But I am confined by illness, and I am sorry to say that it is not possible for me to have the gratification of meeting thee and thy co-workers in the great Convention in Boston.

When I think of the small beginnings of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and of its present vast proportions, I am very grateful and hopeful. What hath God wrought? The little one has become a thousand ; the handful of corn shakes like Lebanon. You have carried the temperance banner round the world, and your *Signal* has called out answering echoes in all lands. You are conquering world-old masculine prejudice and proving the efficiency and necessity of the work of womanhood in the world's reform and progress. You have awakened the enthusiasm of humanity, which, wisely directed, is irresistible. If the gigantic evil is still strong and defiant, you have saved many of its victims, and the blessing of thousands of afflicted families is with you. That God may continue to bless you in your great endeavour is the desire of thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

As Lady Somerset rose to reply to words of welcome given her, the organist struck the keynote of "God Save the Queen," and England's national anthem rang out its greeting from three thousand voices. Lady Somerset said:

Sisters of the White Ribbon Army, and all souls who are beating in sympathy with ours to-day, as we have been singing that old familiar grand anthem, "God save the Queen"—and I never hear it sung in any land without feeling that we are asking God to save one of the grandest women that ever lived—I say here to-day, standing on American soil, God save that Queen who has done so much to build up the homes of this land. I take back from this meeting the noblest inspiration that I have ever had. It has been the messenger from God to my soul, and if He will give me strength to do it; that message will go with me to the ends of the earth, wherever I am sent. To-day I see before me fulfilled the words which have been revealed to this nineteenth century, "The Lord gave the word; the women who publish the tidings are a great host." That prophecy, uttered right down the ages, is fulfilled. I had a great desire to see the women about whom I had read, and for whom I had prayed so long; the seal was set the very first day that I came to New York, by one little incident which has made a lasting mark upon my heart. I went to Jerry McAuley's Mission, and seated there was a man with a ragged coat and haggard face. That man, standing up, looked right at me and said, "I see a lady here who has got the white ribbon. It was a white ribbon woman who came to me in prison, and, putting her hand out to save us, as the Saviour saved, brought me the tidings of that salvation which now is mine." I wanted to hear no more. The white ribbon to-day is the emblem of a saving Saviour.

On Convention Sunday the annual sermon was preached by Lady Henry Somerset, in Tremont Temple. Her text was:

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward. By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king, for he endured as seeing Him who is invisible."—Hebrews xi. 24-27.

If I were asked to summarize that which I believe condenses the whole secret of every great leader's history, I should go straight to these words, for in them I find the whole inspiration of every life that has been called to lead humanity. Self-sacrifice, suffering and pain, right through the ages—this principle has come down to us even from the time when it was breathed in the old legend which tells how Curtius leaped into the dark chasm, which closed on the flashing form of horse and rider, and we realize that the divine in the human heart, struggling in the twilight of the world, had recognized the sublime, God-given principle, one man must die—nay, better, one man must be willing to die for the people.

When the great light of the beacon fire of Calvary illumined that black darkness around, it seemed for a time but to kindle the flames of the

fagots on which the martyrs died; but that light lit the great heathen world of Rome, and dispelled the darkness of degrading mythology, until the temples of Jupiter and Venus rang out with glorious *Te Deums* in the worship of Jesus Christ. No cause was ever victorious for which men and women have not lived and suffered and died, and the secret of true power for sacrifice is that they dared to look on beyond the little, mean, paltry, despised, visible surroundings of that cause, for to their vision heaven by faith was opened, the eternal was revealed, that which was temporal only sank away into utter insignificance, for they endured seeing Him who is invisible. Standing on American soil, the truth that no great moral revolution has ever been effected that has not been watered by the blood of martyrs is intensely present. The freedom of thousands to-day is sealed by white tombstones in Arlington Park, where lie the bodies of those who endured because they saw right on through the battle-smoke the glory of eternal freedom of mankind; they heard right above the cannon's roar the glorious shout of the angels in heaven, when Christianity should triumphantly break the fetters that bound men and women for whom Christ died.

As life goes on, that which seems burnt into my soul, as with outstretched hands I asked that God should fill them with His truth, is the message that He has given to us through the history of the ages. All real success, all great victory, must mean sometime apparent failure. The corn of wheat must die. Death must precede eternal life; that is why so few triumph, so few live.

"By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter! What does that mean to our nineteenth century understanding? It means that the subtle civilization of an era, the development of whose refined education we are only now beginning to grasp, offered that man all the highest advantages which the greatest social position could bring. Nurtured in the delicate luxury of a princess' palace, he had as a boy watched the poor slaves toiling under the burning sun, and, as he passed, shaded from the tropical heat, robed in the softest silk, fanned by the soft breezes of the fluttering feathers of the radiant peacock, he would turn his boyish eyes wonderingly to ask an explanation from those around of the great mystery of suffering and slavery and toil, till the day came when, perhaps by some chance—do we call it chance, the marvellous plans of the Great Teacher?—he learned the history of his birth. He knew that he, too, belonged to that despised, outcast race, that his place was among the brick kilns and the straw ricks. The whole tide of manly vigour flowing fresh through his soul rose in one great wave. That rest which before had been joy to him in the cool of summer evenings on the palm-shaded terraces of the king's palaces became as a prison door. The spirit had burst its golden bars. The sorrows of his people were his sorrows, the misery of the slaves was his burden. The cry of the children rang in his ears by night and by day; he could not, might not, dared not stay; and as the young boy looked up to heaven and made his choice, that day the shackles of Israel's slavery were rent by the answering "Yes" that Moses gave to the call of God.

When first the women of America felt the stirring of the Spirit to leave the refined seclusion of their homes to go out into the saloons in the

Crusade, which was the very heart of the temperance movement in the land, they went because, crying in their ears, was that which rang through the Middle Ages, *Deus Vult*. They rose because they couldn't help themselves; God called and they heard His voice. They were to go forth, not to liberate an earthly resting-place, but the dwelling place of the living God, the immortal souls who were in the bonds of sin and darkness. Deliberately, calmly, yet with a divine enthusiasm, they chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, and the mighty work born of that moment's choice stretches to-day from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Nay, more than that—it girds the great world.

Herein lies the secret of Almighty power. The call is individual, the answer individual, the suffering individual. We are apt, as we look over the history of the battlefield, to forget that the pang of the gunshot wound which sealed the victory was felt with the same acuteness by each life poured out in the great strife. The weary toil of the long forced march bowed each stalwart frame. To each individual soul there comes the call to take its stand in the midst of suffering humanity. The choice is clear to every one at some moment in life, and on the great individual decision there may hang the destiny of thousands.

Friends, as I look around to-day, I suppose that call has come to each of us. That matter is forever settled between ourselves and God. We have given our lives right over into His hands. I often ask myself when I see so many consecrated workers with all their strength concentrated on the betterment of humanity, "What is the end for which we are all working?" It is not the battle against the liquor traffic only in which we are so deeply involved, not the emancipation of women, the great curative crusade, the immense labour question, the social problem of our starving poor. It is wider, deeper, higher, more comprehensive, it is in one word—Christ. The battle to-day is for one cause, for one principle, for one great issue—Christ. The world is seeking a panacea for all the ills which weigh down the souls of men and women, stretching out groping hands to find a remedy and knows not, perhaps, that the very one it needs is here—Christ.

There are souls in this great struggle fighting by our sides, and we grasp their hands as we move on together, although we know their eyes are holden but for a little while. They see before them the great struggling mass of humanity, and they hear within them a voice that bids them go to do battle for right against the powers of rum; but they have not realized that that voice is God's voice, and that the very principles which bid them emancipate the world are the eternal truths which were sealed by the death of the Son of God. But the day shall come when the twilight shall be dispelled, and they shall see Him as He is, because they saw Him dimly, faintly, imperfectly reflected in the suffering world. They have seen the marvellous power of the womanhood of our day, and yet they have not recognized what that power has become, because, as Christ was born of woman, so the Christ-life to-day is reincarnated in woman's heart, and it is woman in this hour who is once more presenting Christ to the world, when she takes her true place, her right attitude, exercises her real power on questions which effect the vital life of all humanity.

"Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

We are not called upon to-day to stand before a thousand eyes in the

great arena, awaiting the moment when, by one bound, the lion or the leopard shall send us into the arms of Jesus Christ; but we are still called before a tribunal which has its tortures. They may seem very insignificant, sometimes almost imperceptible, but nevertheless there are times in which they make us quiver with agony, or ache with a dull, gnawing pain. Which of us at times has not felt the power of the silent sneer by which it will be conveyed to us that our faith stamps us as unintellectual, unprogressive; that our very loyalty to Jesus Christ classes us with those with whom it is not worth while discussing the philosophy or thought of the day? Has it not been brought home to you that your Christianity is a bar to your attaining or retaining your position in the society which is thought the very best, the coterie most envied by outsiders? Do not your nearest and dearest regret sometimes the narrowness which excludes you from enjoying your privileges? What a disadvantage to your girls, what a pity you should not see that a little religion is good, but that to overdo it becomes foolish exaggeration.

And as this applies to our individual life, does not the same reproach touch our work, our cause? They did so well until they took up fanatical ideas, they ought to have kept everyone's sympathy, and now they have alienated all the world.

My friends, whenever I hear that said, I say, Thank God, now, that that cause will prosper. We need to be cut right adrift and cast out on the great ocean of faith in God, and then we shall understand something of the wonderful power that He can give. Further, this uncompromising loyalty is, in the long run, the only religion that the world recognizes—it may be after a long, weary time, but surely, certainly, always in the end.

When Paul stood before Gallio in the tribunal of Corinth, which of those two men seemed likely to be remembered by the world and revered by the great? Gallio, the wit of his day, "Dulcet Gallio" as he was called, without whose presence no banquet was complete, whose *bon mot* was the talk of the city, the finished, refined, cynical, popular man of the world; or the hopeless fanatic who had thrown his powers into an obscure and despised cause, working with his hands at an humble craft, and preaching every night the marvellous and impossible philosophy of the carpenter of Nazareth? Look on, the end comes, those two men's lives diverge. Gallio, pleading abjectly before the tyrant Nero, crawls on the ground before him to spare his brother's life, and ends his own in ignominous exile; his name is wiped from the annals that interest the world, and would never be heard in the echoes that reach us in this nineteenth century, save as once associated with the tent-maker who stood before his tribunal, arraigned for disturbing the peace of the city. "I am ready to be offered; I have fought the good fight; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," was the shout of triumph with which Paul finished his earthly career.

I stood some time ago in Milan Cathedral, gazing down the dim aisles lit with gem-like gleams of light from the jewelled windows, listening to the peal of the great organ, while the Easter festival was celebrated with the gorgeous ceremonial of the great Roman Church. Throngs were coming and going, the prevailing impression was splendour and pomp, and I felt as I stood there, half bewitched by the spell of that which seemed to place the hand of earth into the clasp of heaven, with a grasp of such mighty force; to bring the ineffably sublime so near the finite comprehension of strug-

gling humanity; and as high above in the great lantern tower my eye rested on the crucified figure which hangs ever alone betwixt earth and heaven, and which seemed to transform that scene as with a mighty force, and there came to me the realization that, as He was despised and rejected of men, as He came to His own, and His own received Him not, so every cause that sides with Him must be an outcast cause, every true view of life the only one the world can never understand; every life accepted by God must be in a measure rejected by man. That grand cathedral was the expression of the calm faith of a bygone age; it can no longer be a message to the world to-day; humanity is the great work God would have us build with careful patience and infinite, tender perseverence. The only power to grasp and hold the minds of men to-day is direct contact with the divine; expressed not in pictures, or in the grand monuments of art, or in the vaulted arches of infinite beauty, gorgeous ritual or solemn organ peal, but through that living, breathing humanity which has become the shrine of the indwelling Christ.

"He endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

That is the grand witness we are all called to give. We want to see Jesus Christ as He is, not as He has been so long represented in the light of a dead and worthless Christianity; to hear again the first words ever uttered from an earthly pulpit: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, and to set at liberty them that are bound."

To-day the modern paraphrasing of these words by His professed followers is too often, "I came to hunt down all heresy, to see that each man's teaching conformed to the exact limit of what I hold—to stop my ears to the cry I do not wish to hear, and believe it does not exist; to make the very best of this world and to hope for the very best in the world to come."

My dear, dear sisters, this Christianity will never win the world for Christ, and that is our one calling, our one object, our one prayer. Men and women are atheists and freethinkers because they have seen a spurious Christianity. They want to see a real reflection of the living Christ, and that will be the bow set in the cloud which will tell them the Sun of Righteousness has indeed arisen with healing in His wings. The world will recognize that likeness, does recognize it whenever they find reality.

The skeptics, the literary cynics of Paris, have remained spellbound hour after hour, listening to the pleading words of a simple English girl, because in Catharine Booth they recognized a living power which they could not understand, and they were obliged to bow their heads before the reflection of the living God.

Surely to-day we gather here a great army, soon to scatter to the uttermost parts of the earth. We shall not all meet again this side of the great river, but we believe, as we look on to-day and our eyes rest on Him who is invisible to earthly sight, and yet so plainly visible to our inner soul's vision, that we shall meet where we stand side by side in the presence of the great King of kings. True, the furnace may be heated seven times through which we have to pass, but there stands One with us, near us, close to us—by our very side—and His power is as the Son of God.

The Spirit of God has been poured out upon us during these last few days; we have had a fresh sight of His face, a new message from Himself.

The way that seemed so hard is easier for us to-day ; before us the path is blossoming like the rose, because we have seen the mark of Jesus' feet. We can look on away from the grind and fret of daily life ; we can endure, for heaven is open to our gaze. We have seen the Infinite, the Eternal, in the face of Jesus Christ.

When we see Him who is invisible, as we go back to our work, we see not a drunkard only in the poor wreck of humanity clothed in filthy, tattered rags ; we see not a woman only in the sister who has lost all that the world honours in womanhood. We look beyond it all and we see Jesus Christ. We have power to lay our hands on that man's shoulder and tell him that Jesus Christ can save him from the power of rum. We have power to put our arms right round that sister and tell her that Jesus Christ does not condemn her, and will send her out strong to sin no more, because above, beneath all that seems so hopeless, so irretrievable, we endure as seeing Him who is invisible.

"Workmen of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty ;
To falter would be sin."

THE LORD BE WITH THEE.

The Lord be with thee in the flush of morn,
When life springs new, and holiest thoughts are born,
When earth would draw thee, may the heav'nly way
Shine more and more unto the perfect day.

The Lord be with thee in the height of noon,
When hours of action vanish all too soon,
Through all the heat, the burden and the strife,
The Lord refresh thee with eternal life.

The Lord be with thee in the twilight dim,
The sweet home-coming and the ev'ning hymn ;
His dews upon thy thirsty soul descend,
His peace abide with thee unto the end.

The Lord be with thee through the silent night,
His arms thy refuge, and His face thy light ;
When foes arise, the Lord thy keeper be,
Until the day dawn and the shadows flee.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

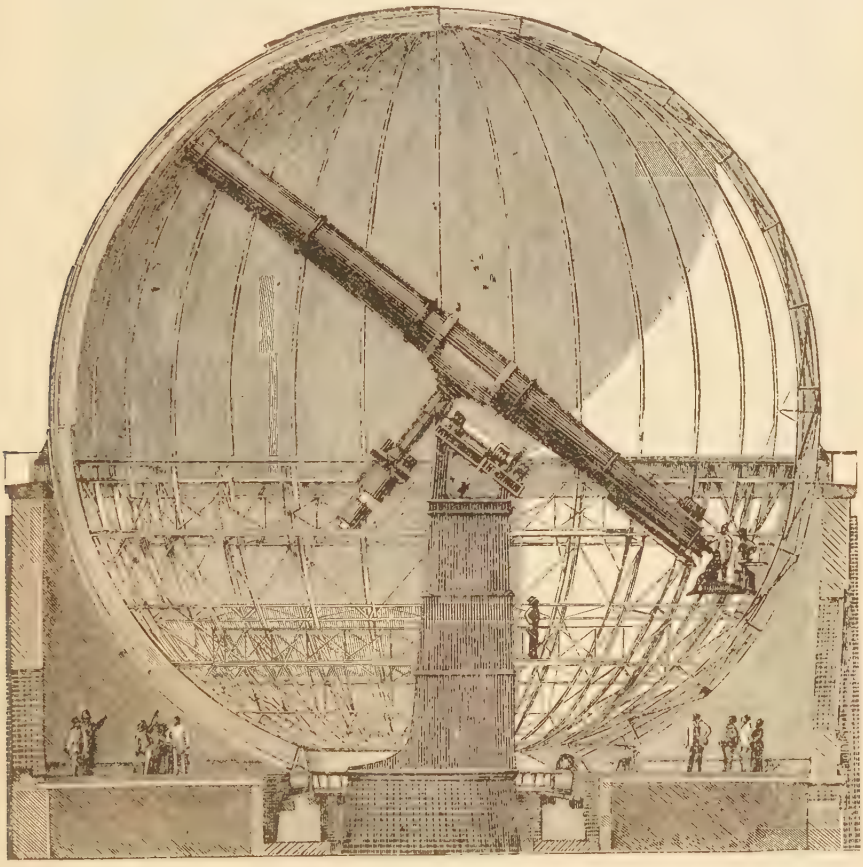
THE TELESCOPE.

Frequent allusion has been made in the previous chapter to discovered results. It is necessary to understand more clearly the process by which such results have been obtained. Some astronomical instruments are of the simplest character, some delicate and complex. When a man smokes a piece of glass, in order to see an eclipse of the sun, he makes a simple instrument. Ferguson, lying on his back and slipping beads on a string at a certain distance above his eye, measured the relative distances of the stars. The use of more complex instruments commenced when Galileo applied the telescope to the heavens. He cannot be said to have invented the telescope, but he certainly constructed his own without a pattern, and used it to good purpose.

Reflecting telescopes are made of all sizes, up to the Cyclopean eye of the one constructed by Lord Rosse, which is six feet in diameter. The form of instrument to be preferred depends on the use to which it is to be put. The loss of light in passing through glass lenses is about two-tenths. The loss by reflection is often one-half. In view of this peculiarity and many others, it is held that a twenty-six-inch reflector is fully equal to any six-foot reflector.

The mounting of large telescopes demands the highest engineering ability. The whole instrument, with its vast weight of a twenty-six-inch glass lens, with its accompanying tube and appurtenances, must be pointed as nicely as a rifle, and held as steadily as the axis of the globe. To give it the required steadiness, the foundation on which it is placed is sunk deep in the earth, far from rail or other roads, and no part of the observatory is allowed to touch this support. When a star is once found, the earth swiftly rotates the telescope away from it, and it passes out of the field. To avoid this, clock-work is so arranged that the great telescope follows the star by the hour, if required. It will take a star at its eastern rising and hold it constantly in view while it climbs to the meridian and sinks in the west. The reflector demands still more difficult engineering. That of Lord Rosse has a metallic mirror weighing six tons, a tube fifty-six feet long, which, with its appurtenances weighs seven tons more.

NOTE.—The largest telescope in the world is at the Lick Observatory, on Mount Hamilton, in California. In 1881, the trustees contracted with Alvan Clark & Sons for the manufacture of "an achromatic astronomical object-glass of thirty-six inches clear aperture" (this being the largest the Clarks would venture to contract for), to be delivered November 1st, 1883. The price was fifty thousand dollars, of which amount twelve thousand dollars was paid when the contract was signed. The flint-glass disk was



NEW SYSTEM OF DOME, LICK OBSERVATORY.

successfully cast by Feil & Sons, Paris, France, early in 1882. The difficulties attending the casting of the crown disk have been extraordinary. Thirty or more blocks were cast before one was obtained that would be acceptable. It took the Clarks a year to grind and polish the glass after it reached their manufactory.

The south dome of the Lick Observatory is the largest of any observatory in existence. It is a seven-eighths sphere, resting and revolving on a tower seventy-five feet in circumference. The object of the seven-eighths sphere

dome is manifold. In the first place, the friction in moving it will be a minimum. A hemisphere dome of the same diameter would rest on a tower having a circumference of two hundred and seventeen feet. The tower would need to be of enormous strength to carry the weight, and the friction in revolving the dome would offer a resistance over one hundred per cent. greater than the seven-eighths sphere. For the seven-eighths sphere the external tower is raised level with the greatest diameter of the dome. The frame of the dome is of steel. The lower half of the sphere is a mere skeleton of the framework. Around it there are two fixed galleries for observers, assistants, and students. The observer's chair is hung opposite the shutter, sliding on an arc nearly corresponding with the arc of the eye-piece of the telescope. This chair is twenty-two feet in length and five feet in breadth. Shutter and chair are of nearly corresponding weight, and under the personal control of the observer. As the chair ascends, the shutter will slide down into the lower hemisphere, ascending again as the chair descends. The observer in the Lick dome is able to perform all his work at the eye-piece of the great telescope free from intrusion or interruption, and he is saved the fatigue and loss of time incurred in ascending and descending a ladder chair thirty feet or more in height. The dome weighs fifty tons. Shutter, chair, and dome are moved by hydraulic power, controlled by the observer in his chair.—Ed.

A spectrum is a collection of colours which are dispersed by a prism from any given light. If it is sunlight, it is a solar spectrum; if the source of light is a star, candle, glowing metal, or gas, it is the spectrum of a star, candle, glowing metal, or gas. An instrument to see these spectra is called a spectroscope. Considering the infinite variety of light, and its easy modification and absorption, we should expect an immense number of spectra. A mere prism disperses the light so imperfectly that different orders of vibrations, perceived as colours, are mingled. No eye can tell where one commences or ends. Such a spectrum is said to be impure. What we want is that each point in the spectrum should be made of rays of the same number of vibrations. As we can let only a small beam of light pass through the prism, in studying celestial objects with a telescope and spectroscope we must, in every instance, contract the aperture of the instrument until we get only a small beam of light. In order to have the colours thoroughly dispersed, the best instruments pass the beam of light through a series of prisms called a battery, each one spreading farther the colours which the previous ones had spread.

We are sure that hydrogen exists in the sun. In the same manner we detect salt, iron, and a dozen other metals. Applied to the stars, the spectroscope shows that they resemble the sun in constitution and general condition. They are divided into four general orders, according to resemblances of their spectra. The first order includes mostly stars showing a white light, as Rigel,

Altair, Regulus, etc. Nearly one-half of the stars are included in this order. The second order includes mostly stars showing a yellow light, as Arcturus, Aldebaran, etc. These most resemble the sun in condition and chemical condition. The third order shows a red light. The fourth includes only faint stars.

A patient study of these signs of substances reveals richer results than a study of the cuneiform characters engraved on Assyrian slabs; for one is the hand-writing of men, the other the hand-writing of God.

One of the most difficult and delicate problems solved by the spectroscope is the approach or departure of a light-giving body in the line of sight. If a star approach us, it puts a greater number of waves into an inch, and shortens their length. If it recedes, it increases the length of the wave—puts a less number into an inch. If a body giving only the number of vibrations we call green were to approach sufficiently fast, it would crowd in vibrations enough to appear what we call blue, indigo, or even violet, according to its speed. If it receded sufficiently fast, it would leave behind it only vibrations enough to fill up the space with what we call yellow, orange, or red, according to its speed; yet it would be green and green only all the time. But how detect the change? If red waves are shortened they become orange in colour; and from below the red other rays, too far apart to be seen by the eye, being shortened, become visible as red, and we cannot know that anything has taken place. So, if a star recedes fast enough violet vibrations being lengthened become indigo, and from above the violet other rays, too short to be seen, become lengthened into visible violet, and we can detect no movement of the colours. The dark lines of the spectrum are the cutting out of rays of definite wave-lengths. If the colour spectrum moves away, they move with it, and away from their proper place in the ordinary spectrum. If, then, we find them toward the red end, the star is receding; if toward the violet end, it is approaching. Turn the instrument on the centre of the sun. The dark lines take their appropriate place, and are recognized on the ruled scale. Turn it on one edge, that is approaching us one and a quarter miles a second by the revolution of the sun on its axis, the spectral lines move toward the violet end; turn the spectroscope toward the other edge of the sun, it is receding from us one and a quarter miles a second by reason of the axial revolution, and the spectral lines move toward the red end. Turn it near the spots, and it reveals the mighty up-rush in one place and the down-rush in another of one hundred miles a second. We speak of it as an easy matter, but it is a problem of the greatest

delicacy, almost defying the mind of man to read the movements of matter.

Within a very few years this wonderful instrument, the spectroscope, has made amazing discoveries. In chemistry it reveals substances never known before; in analysis it is delicate to the detection of a millionth of a grain. It is the most deft handmaid of chemistry, the arts, of medical science, and astronomy. It tells the chemical constitution of the sun, the movements taking place, the nature of comets and nebulæ. By the spectroscope we know that the atmospheres of Venus and Mars are like our own; that those of Jupiter and Saturn are very unlike; it tells us which stars approach and which recede, and just how one star differeth from another in glory and substance.

In the near future we shall have the brilliant and diversely coloured flowers of the sky as well classified into orders and species as are the flowers of the earth.

AN ANTHEM.

BY A. A. MACDONALD.

I SAT in an old cathedral,
The day was almost done,
And a hallowed light shone over all
From the rays of the setting sun.

I listened to the organ
Peal out its notes of love,
Till my thoughts were lifted from the earth,
And dwelt on things above.

Till I heard a burst of harmony
That rang and echoed long,
Then died away in the arches,
Like the fragment of a song.

And then I thought on the plans of men,
How grand at birth they seem;
But, void and feeble, pass away—
The pomp of an empty dream.

But a different note fell on my ear,
'Twas sweet and low and pure;
E'en now it lingers in my heart,
And may it aye endure!

For it made me think of the "still small voice"
By weary ones oft blest;
And of Him who spake the loving words:
"And I will give you rest."

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, Toronto.

CONCERNING WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

BY JULIA B. SCHAUFFLER.

THE last twenty-five years has seen no change in the Church world greater than that in the position of women; and among all the varied forms of activity which have been developed by them, it seems as though there were none more important than the Women's Missionary Societies. Not only do these societies gather money into the treasury of the Church, but they diffuse information and stimulate intelligent interest in a marked degree. Surely in this department the women are going far in advance of the men, and were a competitive examination in order on the progress of the missions of their own denomination, they would come out victorious. In too many cases the men are in the position of the good deacon who, when called upon at a prayer-meeting to pray for one particular field, refused, on the ground that he did not know enough about that mission field to pray for it intelligently!

My object in this short paper is to give a few hints as to the management of these Missionary Societies, in order that they may be productive of as much benefit to the members as is possible.

The Name.—In the first place, let them be Women's Societies. I heard last year of a village church where they were organizing a society, and because it was given out from the pulpit that the "Ladies' Missionary Auxiliary" would meet on Thursday afternoon, the *ladies* were allowed to meet alone, not one of the plain, substantial women of the Church putting in an appearance! Who can estimate the good done to a farmer's wife as she attends one of these gatherings and hears of the loneliness of a missionary—loneliness and isolation so complete that she blushes to think that as she went to the meeting she was brooding over her own loneliness? It suddenly occurs to her that she would not like to exchange her comfortable home for the position of Miss H., who is the only American woman in a Japanese town of forty thousand inhabitants! Our farmers' wives need much the inspiration which comes from an active interest in something outside of the daily routine of their monotonous lives. If they were full of an intelligent knowledge of the world of missions, we should hear less of their falling into the opium habit, or of their losing their reason.

The Leader.—To make the meetings interesting the leader should be bright, intelligent and devoted to the cause which she presents. Her own enthusiasm will do much to carry others along with her. But, above all things, let her be cheerful. Have you never seen a meeting entirely spoiled by the solemn face of

the presiding officer? A missionary meeting is not a funeral, and the cause of Christ is not going down, but upward and onward; therefore let the president show, by a happy, cordial manner, that she realizes this, and wishes with all her heart to be identified with the side that is sure to win.

The Meetings.—Try to hold the meetings in a light place, as cheerful as sunshine can make it. A dark lecture-room, with gas lighted in the daytime, is enough to kill a meeting, while a sunny corner of the Sunday-school room might give it new life. Be sure that those who come sit close up to the front. If necessary, tie cords across the back seats, so that those who attend the meeting will be obliged to go forward. I was once in a melancholy gathering in a large lecture-room where there were twenty-seven ladies present, and they sat in twenty different pews! You can let your imagination picture the sociability which ensued.

The Speaker.—Do not be afraid to engage speakers for your meetings, and do not be afraid to pay them when they come. Many of the smaller and poorer societies say, "We cannot afford a speaker, we raise so little money for the Board in any case." This is a fundamental mistake. If your society raises but forty dollars in the year, do not be afraid to spend half that sum for good speakers, and you will have twice as much the year following. When your speaker comes, be sure that plenty of time is allowed for the address. I have seen missionaries who were eager to tell of their own field, with its needs and its progress, obliged to wait forty minutes for the routine business of the society, and then have only twenty minutes in which to speak! A man does not get "warmed up" in that time. Forty-five minutes is none too much time to allow for an address, and there is no law, written or unwritten, that a missionary meeting must close sharply at the end of an hour. Let this be understood, and you will not have half the audience leaving at the end of the hour in order to keep engagements previously made.

Home Talent.—It is wonderful how much can be done by home talent where there is an efficient and judicious leader. If suitable subjects are given out, in advance, to different members of the auxiliary, it will not be impossible to have five or six short papers at one meeting on the different phases of work in a given field. Let one take up the medical work, another the evangelistic, another the orphanages and schools, and it will be surprising to see what a good idea can be formed of the work of any one mission station from these various side lights. By all means present first the missions of your own denomination, and then look at the work of others, after you know *where* and *how* and *why* your own Board is working. In order to this, study

carefully your own missionary magazine each month, before you open the fascinating pages of the *Missionary Review,* where the romance of missions is presented with such freshness and skill. Do not be afraid to be very explicit. Was it not a learned judge in Scotland who said, on hearing of the "Zenana Mission," "I do not remember exactly where Zenana is!"

Prayers.—Let there be several prayers at every meeting, short and to the point. I have great sympathy for the girl who said that she liked to go to the Mission Band best because there they called Japan Japan, and not "that interesting country across the sea, which has recently come somewhat out of the darkness of superstition into the brightness of the Gospel light." At many meetings it is the custom to have only one general prayer at the opening. Surely this a grave mistake, for it is after the heart is warmed by hearing of the faithfulness of some true-hearted convert, or the self-denial of some worker on the field, that the most earnest prayer is offered. One of our missionaries on the west coast of Africa writes: "Our women and girls, when they are converted, are as ready to pray as they are to talk." Is this true anywhere in America, or are we so self-conscious and so afraid of one another that it is hard to find half a dozen women in a large meeting who are willing to raise their voices in prayer? Encourage prayer at home—definite prayer for some worker or some station. A year ago last spring one of our returned Presbyterian missionaries was on her way to the meeting of the General Assembly, and in the train was introduced to an elderly lady, who immediately showed the greatest interest in her, and upon their arrival in Saratoga did all in her power to make her comfortable. As her attentions continued from day to day, the younger woman at last asked, in surprise, "Why are you so good to me?" And then came this beautiful reply, "I knew your husband when he was a boy, and when I heard that he was married, and had taken his young wife to China, I began to pray for you by name, and I have prayed for you every day for ten years, so it is no wonder that I love you." Surely this was like a little bit of heaven here below!

Maps.—Good maps add immensely to the interest of a meeting, in fact, there should always be a map. If it be impossible to procure a map of the particular field under consideration, there should be a map of the world, so that the relative situation of the country can be ascertained. It helps to fix the mind on the subject at the time, and it assists the memory afterward in recalling details. There are many ways of producing good home-made maps, which might well engage the attention of the younger members of our societies. That geographical facts need

continually to be refreshed in the memory is proved by the story of the old lady who lingered after a meeting to study the map of China. When asked if there was some station which she could not find, she replied, quietly, "Oh, no, I was only looking for Yucatan!"

Books.—If possible, have at hand, besides the usual leaflets and monthly magazines, a few good books to lend. Who can estimate the value of a book like the "Life of Joseph Neesima?" As we realize the nobility of his character and the grandeur of his "great aim," we long to be like him, and live for a single unselfish purpose. Three or four books like this, or the autobiography of John G. Paton, in constant circulation, would soon restore animation to a moribund society.

The Treasury.—Let not the financial side of the question be the most important in the mind of the leader. Diffuse knowledge, tell of self-sacrificing effort, tell of the great need, show results, and the money will come of itself. Guide the givers into wise ways of giving, so that there shall be a steady stream of beneficence, and not freshets and droughts by turns. Dwell on

Proportionate Giving.—Is it not a sin and a shame when a Christian woman, who lives in a fine house, and spares no expense on the appointments of her table or on the dainty toilets of her children, presents a five-dollar bill as her yearly offering for the cause of missions? I heard to-day of two missionary sisters in a far-away land who annually return $25 from their modest salaries to the Board which sent them out, as their contribution to the cause! Meditate upon this fact as you realize with what perfect complacency you gave your annual subscription of $10. If you live well, give well, or else do not continue to live well, or your well living will cast shame on the profession you have made of loyalty to the cause of Christ. To those who earn their daily bread by their own effort, or who have but a limited income, there is no rule so good as the simple formula, "A penny a day for missions." It gives a definite sum to remember, a useful sum for service, and a constant reminder for daily prayer.

But let the woman of wealth feel that for her there is no stopping-place short of putting a substitute in the field. The time is coming when every Christian woman of large means will have two workers under her care—the one in the home, the other in the foreign field; and if times become hard and retrenchment is necessary, she will give up her carriage before she gives up her missionaries.

Finally, *Keep on.*—Keep on attending the missionary meetings, keep on studying the results of missionary effort, keep on praying, keep on giving, and the blessing promised in Revelation ii. 26, shall be yours.—*Christian Union.*

THE NATION'S GRIEF.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR,
Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

Dead! and no warrior soul outworn,
Aweary of the strife,
But He, alas! we have to mourn,
A neophyte of Life;
Youngest of England's ancient Line,
Hope of a people's heart; your promised King, and mine.

Now change the purple for the pall!
The bridal for the bier!
He, the beloved, besought of all,
Lies mute, ungazing, here.
Dust unto dust, the young, the proud—
A coffin for his crown, his majesty a shroud!

Yet weep not only for the dead;
Mighty and mean must die;
The loftiest, like the lowest, head
Is but a passer-by.
Death keeps no favours for the great;
Peasant and Prince alike live but in fee from Fate.

But Love, the boon of lord and clown,
Love had he made his own,
Love, jewelled beyond any crown,
Loftier than any throne;
Has found a maiden fond and fair,
Who, trembling on his heart, wept her glad weakness there.

Now muffled be the marriage bell!
The nuptial wreath be rent!
Palace and tower must toll the knell
Of his dark tenement.
The flowers we twined to blush and bloom
Around the bridal bed, must pale about his tomb.

Alas for Her! the graced, the good,
Forever doomed to wear
The mockery of widowhood
About her maiden hair.
Scarce had she time to reach and clasp
The gifts of Love, but they were ashes in her grasp.

Glory of pomp and glow of power,
'Tis nothing to forego;
Grandeur is but a doubtful dower,
Rank oft but radiant woe.
But to lose love, just seen, just known,
To mingle, Two-in-One, and then to mourn—alone!

Oh, if She could exchange her lot,
And now were free to choose,
With one who in some whitewashed cot
Over her baby coos,
And tend the humblest hearth that burns,
To whose awaiting smile the cherished one returns!

We weep with her. We weep with You,
No less, loved, widowed Queen,
Who nurse a loss forever new,
A wound forever green.
Your brow august is crowned with care,
So take Her to Your breast, and hush her anguish there!

And you, Sir, who for long, lone years
Have stood beside the throne,
And now would stem a Mother's tears,
Forgetful of your own,
For you we mourn, we mourn for her,
All of us at your side, by His sad sepulchre.

—*London Times.*

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER V.—HER FIRST VENTURE.

"We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,
We build the house where we may rest,
And then at moments suddenly,
We look up to the great wide sky,
Enquiring wherefore we were born."

HILLARY had arranged a meeting place in Albany, at the home of a former servant of her aunt,—a good creature, who, being unable to write, was not likely to send any word of the travellers back to their starting-point. The new sense of responsibility and freedom was a present tonic to Henry Walden, and when his daughter joined them he purchased a railway guide-book, and saw his way so clearly through its intricacies, and understood so easily what was perfectly dark to Hannah and Hillary, that the girls forgot that they were really his protectors, and looked up to him as theirs. He went out with Hannah and purchased the tickets, and suggested buying luncheon to carry, to save expenses by the way, and found that tickets by one line were cheaper than by another.

"Now, daughters both," said Henry, "we must behave and travel like other people. I will carry the tickets, of course. And, Hannah, it is not safe for you to carry two thousand in bills on your person. I have inside my vest, as you see, a pocket; let me have the note-book with the bills, and I can button it in there securely. Why, child, I shall be with you all the time!"

The carrying of the money had been a burden to Hannah. The place her father indicated looked safe; she could not endure to seem so suspicious; she handed him the note-book. Hannah had made Hillary sew two hundred dollars in the lining of her dress, and Henry Walden had seventy dollars besides the notes in the note-book. By the present arrangement Hannah was the only one without any money in her possession. With the bouyant hopefulness of youth, intensified by a state of perfect physical health, Hannah began to enjoy this voyage into the unknown. Her father was attentive and charming; his easy, *insouciant* disposition had flung off all care; freedom brought him fresh life; his handsome face lit up with excitement; he told "his dear daughters" many anecdotes, and inspired them with that firm faith in him which he had in himself. Well would it have been for Henry if temptation had not spread a net for him at the head of every way. In the car people lunched, and then unscrewed their brandy flasks and took a draught, whose odours filled the car; men came in bearing the fumes of the bar, to Henry more seducing than wafts of spicy air from Araby. Here a traveller

poured out a glass of wine and gave it to some travelling friend, and Henry Walden's thirst began to awake at the draught. However, he had some feelings of honour left, some terrors of himself; he looked from the car windows as the train stopped at the refreshment stations, and he saw gleaming in the gas-light places where he could get liquor, and to keep from flying out to them he absolutely clung to the arm of his seat and fixed his eyes on Hannah, the girl who had given up all for him. But Henry was weak from self-indulgence,—he could not battle long nor fiercely; he did not hint the conflict to the girls, but began to say, "One harmless glass that no one will know about."

Finally at Sandusky he was vanquished. Striving still, he went out on the car platform; Hannah, with a suddenly aroused anxiety, watched him. She stepped out in the aisle, meaning to go to him; but he stood there,—she thought, merely looking at the busy station. The engine had already given its departing scream, when Henry Walden leaped from the platform and rushed up the street. Hannah, with an appalling assurance that he was going to his ruin, sprang from the door, and from the steps of the moving train. The impetus of the motion whirled her round, but she had by instinct jumped with the motion, not against it. Some bystanders caught her and held her up, crying, "Madness!" But Hannah had no thought of herself. She was intent only on the way she had seen her father go. Recovering herself, she hurried to overtake him, but he had vanished. She forgot that the train was flying on toward Chicago—she forgot that Hillary was alone and without a ticket—she forgot that her father had all the tickets and nearly all the money, and that he would lose it and ruin them—she only thought of the man, perilled in the swarming temptations which he was too weak to escape. Suddenly it occurred to her that he might have sprung from the car for some little question or purchase which he deemed needful, and might now be back at the station. Thither she flew, and though she saw nothing of her father, she thought of Hillary, consulted a baggage-master, and finally telegraphed to Toledo to the conductor of the train, to have Hillary stop over, and wait for her there. Then back along the street her father had taken, resolute now to look in the restaurants and grog-shops, where she was sure he must be. The poor girl, unused to such places, stepped in one after another, and her face grew crimson as rude eyes stared at her. It was getting dusk; the gas was lit. Hannah's sinking heart was only upheld by the thought that her Lord and Master, who had stooped from the heights of glory for ruined men, to save the lost, was with her in this search after her lost in the dark places of this world. She entered one drinking place, divided across the centre by a screen. She glanced about, and was retreating, when she heard her father's voice crying out something about the ace of spades. The voice came from behind the green lattice screen. At once Hannah stepped thither, and saw to her surprise a much larger room, with little tables and knots of men throwing dice or playing cards, and on all the

tables, bottles and glasses. At the most distant table, a glass of brandy raised to his lips, and a pack of cards in his other hand, was her father. Perhaps she would have rushed to grasp his arm and insist on his coming out, but she knew that he saw her and turned his back! Evidently he was under the sway of his demon, and she could do nothing with him. Her eye swept the place in a vain glance for help, and a bloated, middle-aged man, with a leer, leaned over his table and beckoned her to a chair at his side. Hannah was furious, and with erect head and flaming eyes, marched out of the horrible den. There was in her no knowledge of fatherhood, no sweetness of old association and protection, to make her feel that her father if called on would have come to her rescue. She realized that he was in that cage of unclean birds, on the point of gambling away her all; and that morning would find him beggared, drunk, desperate—all of them in the midst of a journey, impoverished strangers in a strange land. Had she taken Hillary from home for this? The idea of Hillary aroused her. She had paused by a lamp-post, her head bent, thinking, and had thus caught the eye of a stalwart policeman. She was roused from her pondering by hearing a girl's voice. "Good-bye, father! I'm going to Fanny's for three days; we are off." A girl of her own age was in front of the policeman, standing on tip-toe, a hand on either broad shoulder, as she kissed his bronzed cheek.

"God bless you, my lassie," said the father.

Hannah whirled about, and caught the girl's arm.

"Is this your daughter, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then, for her sake, you might help other people's daughters. Can you help me?"

"No doubt, Miss. What is the trouble?"

Hannah hastily told her story. The person with whom she and her adopted sister were travelling had in his keeping their money and their tickets. He had jumped from the train—she had pursued. He was in this place, drinking and gaming. All her money would be gone. Could he stop it?

"And how much money was it?"

"Almost twenty-one hundred dollars."

The policeman stared in surprise. Hannah urged.

"You must be quick. He does not know what he is doing when he gets drunk—he will gamble away all the money."

"Come on, then. Step in with me, and point him out. I will arrest him."

"Oh," said Hannah, shrinking back, "is it necessary? I can describe him—tell you where he sits. Need I go in?"

"Why, I can't go in arresting people promiscuously. If you really want to save your money, come, show me the man."

"And then?" questioned Hannah.

I shall carry him to the station-house, and secure the cash. To-morrow he will be called up, and you can appear against him."

"And—suppose I don't appear?"

"He will be let off—money and all. What is all this?"

Hannah pondered. "You must arrest him, sir, quickly. I see how it will be—mad drunk—money gone—and he will half come to himself, see what he has done, and perhaps commit suicide in despair! I'll go and point him out."

"Is it your lover?" demanded the policeman, sharply.

"No, no—oh, no!"

"Your husband? Are you one of those foolish girls who make a runaway match with some precious scoundrel?"

"Oh, my, no!" cried Hannah; "but he is not bad—only this fault."

"And, pray, what *is* he to you?"

"My—father!" faltered Hannah, holding down her head, while tears of shame ran over her cheeks. "And this drinking *is* his only fault. I sold the home—it was mine from my mother—and we were going West, far off, to try and find a place where he would be out of temptation, and be safe; and the farther I go the worse it is—the more of these dens are open on every side, just like great gaping serpents' mouths, with fiery tongues. He can't escape—he can't find safety."

"My poor lassie," said the policeman, "if you've undertaken to run out of reach of whiskey anywhere in this world, I think you will find you try impossibilities. Wherever you go, you will find that same nest of serpents hissing about your feet. Come on, then; I'll save the father from himself by arresting him."

"I need only stand by the screen, and point him out. Oh, how can I go in there? Those dreadful men looked at me as if I went into such places—because I wanted to."

"They'll not look when I'm round," said he of the star, grimly.

Hannah still kept her grasp of the arm of the policeman's daughter, and drew her with her, following her father. At the door he turned. "Anne! go home, girl! this is not for you."

Anne glanced down at her sleeve, gripped by Hannah. Her father strode on, and all three entered the saloon. Hannah at the screen pointed out her father, still busy with cards and brandy. Then she and Anne fled the polluted place.

The officer of the law walked up to Henry Walden, and, pointing to the money on the table, asked, "Is that yours?"

"Yes; the game's just begun," said Walden, trembling.

"That's all he's laid down," said the men near.

"It's a game you can't finish," said the officer, sweeping up the money, and whispering in Henry's ear. Henry Walden never thought of Hannah or his latest treachery. His old sin rose up and stared him in the face. For that he was paying penalty. Hidden so long—so nearly escaped—and now, captured—he shrank faint in his chair. The man in blue dexterously put his hand under Henry's elbow, lifted him to his feet, seemed to shake a little strength into him, and took him away. Out into the street—down to the prison—and the two girls followed, unseen—all four without a word.

Having disposed of Henry Walden for the night, the policeman returned to the girls, and said bluntly to Hannah:

"He'll be brought up between nine and ten to-morrow. Now, what are you going to do?"

"I shall watch by the door until he is dismissed; then, as he will be sober and alarmed, I can manage. I shall take the tickets and money into my own keeping, and we will go on our way."

"And what will you do to-night?"

Hannah drew from her pocket a little loose change, less than fifty cents. "This is not enough to get a lodging in a decent place," she said. "The railway station is open all night—could I sit there in the ladies' waiting-room? That would be a safe place."

"Sit up all night—and no breakfast? No, no. Go with Anne to my house, the mother will find room for you there. You can bide home to-night, Anne, and go on your visit to-morrow."

"I'll be in the way. I could not ask so much," murmured Hannah.

"We've room. It is all right," said the officer, as they walked on. "I mind there is a text, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

"Oh, if you do it for *that*, then I'll go," said Hannah.

"And as for the asking, why, you'll find the Lord gives us much more than we ask, and often in strange ways."

Hannah found at her unexpected refuge a good supper and a cozy room, with a motherly face to brighten it. They all ate supper together. Her host remarked:

"That man is very young for your father."

"He is forty, and I am eighteen," said Hannah.

"You are the stronger of the two, and may manage him, if you act *judgematically* and not too much on feelings. That was a rare piece of folly, giving him all your money, when you knew how it might turn out."

"I hoped he had reformed," said Hannah.

"Did you see any evidence of his becoming a Christian?"

Hannah shook her head.

"Then don't trust his reform. It won't have any backbone in it. This drinking habit gets a supernatural power over a man; it is a direct intervention of the devil, and it needs supernatural help to conquer it. Drunkards talk of reforming in their own strength, it would be like withes on Samson!"

After he had gone, Hannah sat musing, and then her face brightened so much that her Scotch hostess demanded:

"What is it, the noo, lassie?"

"I thought this help and shelter here was a true providence."

"Ou, aye. And ye'll fin' life fu' o' provideences an' ye watch. For my pairt, I've got sae used to the guid Faither o' a' taking tent for me, that I do not fash myself overmuch wi' my trouble; there is Anne to lead me richt. I min' ance I was at sea in a gran' storm, an' we were all frichted but a wee bit girlie. She kept calm; an' says ane to her, 'Lassie, are ye no' frichted?' An' the wee lambie luiks up, an' says, 'O, me Faither's takin' care o' me.' Weel, lassie, just get a grip o' that truth, that the Faither is takin' care o' you, and o' your poor earthly parent, too, and the notion will help you win through a' yer troubles."

CHAPTER VI.—MR. CROW.

"As one pursued by word and blow,
Still treads the shadow of his foe—
And forward bends his head."

Hillary had found herself suddenly deserted in her first journey. She saw Henry Walden flying up the street, giving furtive looks behind; she saw Hannah in pursuit. She was herself left alone, with only her crutch, and with some money in her pocket. Then the conductor came to her with the telegram, "Tell Hillary Dacre to leave the train at Toledo, and wait."

Hillary left the cars; told the ticket-agent that she had missed friends who might follow on any train, and was advised by him to wait at the depôt.

It was late; trains came and went; the lights and the employés gave a sense of protection. No friends came. Hillary was very weary; she put her little satchel for a pillow; it and the bench on which she lay down were about as hard as Jacob's bed at Bethel. Holding fast her crutch with one hand, she slept—the crutch towered above her pale, pure face, and was protection and appeal for her. She looked as if she lay beneath the shadow of a cross, and people passing through the room stepped more softly, and said silently, "God bless her!"

Very different was Henry Walden's night in the cell at the "Lock-up." He never referred his arrest to his latest misdoing; he saw only in it the shadow of his past crime. The Clintons had discovered and seized him. The money and tickets had been taken from him, and he vaguely recalled that two young girls were penniless and deserted; but his entire selfishness prevented his feeling concern for them, only for himself, with the penitentiary looming up before him. Where was Hannah—could she save him? And again came those vain fancies that he had been just on the eve of reform, and if not arrested would have soon sought his child, and lived an upright life. If now he got free, he was sure Henry Walden would be a model of rectitude.

Then came morning, and, haggard from sleeplessness, he was conducted to court, shamefaced, cowering. How could he know that at the foot of the outer stair, stood that tall, grave, handsome girl, who waited until he should come. The big policeman was there, but Henry Walden did not see him, did not hear his accusation, did not know that as no one appeared against him he might go, until the policeman shook him up, gave him back his tickets and money, and led him out of doors, saying, "You are free—do better."

Then, dazed and humiliated, he recognized Hannah, who put her arm in his and said quietly, "Hillary will be waiting for us, father; there is just time to get the train."

They were in the train before Henry Walden could speak.

"Hannah!" he whispered, "they arrested me—'the Clintons!'"

"*I* had you arrested, father, to save our tickets and our money. I am very sorry, but if I had not, we should have been beggars on the streets of Sandusky this minute. Give me the money and tickets, father."

"I haven't lost a bit, or spent any,—not but a dollar, Hannah, for a little needed refreshment and a treat," he said with childish eagerness, as he handed over the trust.

"I know," said Hannah. "Don't leave me that way again."

"And *you* had me arrested!" he whispered presently.

Hannah nodded, but looked away, abashed.

"That was strong measures. You are a strong woman, Hannah," and overcome with sleepfulness, his master appetite frightened out of him, he leaned back in a corner and slept!

Very many bad children are admirably good when they are asleep, and then only the hearts of their mothers safely rest concerning them. Now that Hannah's charge was sleeping in the corner of a car seat, the most heavenly expression of peace and innocent sweetness on his countenance, Hannah's tried soul had time to turn its cares to Hillary,—her Ruth, that was come with her out of the land of Moab.

The express train seemed uncommonly slow in reaching Toledo. Walden, worn out with his terrible night, did not waken, and Hannah sprang from the train into the waiting-room, and there was Hillary—peaceful, white, pure-faced as ever,—seated by a fine, stout, elderly matron, ruddy and round as a full-blown peony.

"Hillary! my own poor dear!" cried Hannah, catching her elder, but much more dependent friend in her arms. "How have you got on? Were you frightened? Have you slept? Have you had breakfast?"

"Oh, I slept well! Are you all right, Hannah? Everything right! Your father safe? Yes; I had breakfast with this kind lady, who has been *so good* to me! And only think, Hannah, she is going all the way to Omaha, just as we are."

"To see my son-in-law, Mr. Crow," observed the stout matron with much satisfaction.

"Thank you so much for being good to my Hillary," said Hannah, turning frankly to the lady.

"Anyone would be good to such a sweet-faced creature left alone so, and quite unfit for roughing it," said Mr. Crow's mother-in-law. "How came you to leave her alone, so?"

"My father got off the train at Sandusky, and I saw he would be left; and I was obliged to get off hastily."

"I should think a big strong man much safer to be left to find out his mistake, and come on after, than a delicate lame creature. I know my son-in-law, Mr. Crow, don't need any looking after."

"I suppose not," said Hannah, much disturbed; "but Hillary knows it was all right for me to leave her. My father—cannot be left alone—he has—attacks."

"Oh," said the mother-in-law, with a little suspicious sniff.

"Well, it's time we got on the train. We might as well travel

together. You shall have half my seat, my dear," to Hillary, "and I'll see that you don't get left alone, attacks or not."

As Hannah was empty-handed, she dutifully gathered up the satchel, umbrella, shawl-strap, and *Harper's Magazine*, part of the *impedimenta* indulged in by Mr. Crow's mother-in-law, and assisted her and Hillary upon the train. They took a seat together, and Hannah carefully made them comfortable, and sat down opposite. The stout matron eyed all who came and went, scrutinized Hannah and the car, and as the start was made, said to Hillary:

"Where's her father? Who's that young man in the seat with her?"

"He's not a young man," said Hillary; "he's most forty; he is her father."

"Oh, that her father!" said the bustling *belle-mêre*, putting on her eye-glasses to observe Henry closely. "Well, I do see he *is* a little older than I thought. These smooth-faced light men appear so deceiving. Now, Mr. Crow, my son-in-law, looks like a downright man, of his proper years; but this one looks like a cherubim, just stepped out of a picture, and a little faded, and a bit wrinkled round the eyes. What white, slender, woman's hands he has! looks as if he hadn't been out of doors much. What has he worked at?"

"He hasn't been able to work—at much. He is—a bookkeeper; or was, something like that," said poor Hillary. "He is very well educated. Hannah thinks he and she could keep a school. We all have to support ourselves."

"You oughtn't to have to do a mite of work," said the matron, with that motherly tenderness, that vigorous, kind-natured women feel for fair and delicate girls.

"Oh, I'm quite well and strong. I should hate to be idle. I shall keep the house, and spend the money, you see, and they two will earn it. A very nice plan," added Hillary, longing to divert attention from Henry Walden.

But the good lady had a curiosity that would neither down, nor be diverted. She still eyed Henry Walden. "Not been out of doors? Not been doing much, you say? Why's that?"

"Something happened to him a good many years ago, before I knew Hannah much. He has suffered a great deal."

"Oh, I see; I see. Accident; railroad accident," said the quick-minded dame. "Ought to have paid damages. If any accident happens *me* on this trip, I've one consolation—my son-in-law, Mr. Crow, will make them pay handsomely."

"But everyone cannot manage companies that way."

"Very true, my dear. Mr. Crow *is* a remarkable man. Years ago, you say? Ah. It must have cost a pretty penny to live since; and attacks, you say? or *she* said. Well, I don't wonder she was frightened; fits, I suppose—reminder of his injury. I knew a man, hurt on head and back by a railroad accident, and he had fits, like epilepsy, only not epilepsy, all the effects of that, and finally died of them, as no doubt this poor gentleman will.

What did you say his name was? Oh, yes, Walden. I'm glad you told me, my dear. I have *such* an imagination. I had begun to fancy all kinds of queer things, and to fear your friend's father was a blackleg; but I see it all now. Poor man! A very agreeable face! I hope your money has not all gone in his trouble."

"We have some, over two thousand," said Hillary simply, but bewildered, and wondering if she had been telling romances, and beguiling Mr. Crow's mother-in-law with a railroad accident that never happened, or whether the *imagination* of that lady had created a huge falsehood out of a little grain of truth!

"I see, I see," said the matron. "That little sum is a snug beginning out West, but a mere nothing East. You were wise to come away before it was all gone. The railroad should have paid him more! And no doubt his daughter thinks he will be better for change of air."

"Yes, she does."

"And where are you going after Omaha?"

"We don't know. Where we can best support ourselves."

"Why not stop in Omaha? That is a very fine place; new, bustling, full of openings. I will introduce you to my son-in-law, Mr. Crow."

Poor Hillary felt entangled in the meshes of a net, and she did not know whether she had woven it or not.

"I don't know as Hannah would like Omaha. She manages everything. Hannah is so good and so wise. But of all things Hannah hates whiskey, and she hears these Western towns are so full of it. Perhaps Omaha is."

"Not fuller than other places. If you get away from whiskey nowadays, you must get out of the world. I hate it too, but I don't try to run from sight of it, for I know I can't. We must fight it as best we can. Mr. Crow does. He voted the Prohibition ticket when only three more men in his town stood that way with him. 'Crow,' says somebody, 'you are just plum throwing away your vote.' Says Crow, 'Well, I've thrown away my vote twenty years, going with you men of other parties, and as soon as 'lection's over my principles are disregarded,' says Crow. 'Now I mean to throw away my vote for twenty years if needful with a Prohibition party, and by that time,' says Crow, 'Prohibition may be likely to be able to carry out my principles. When I was a boy,' says Crow, significant, 'I rolled snow-balls.'"

Hillary longed to get by Hannah, and tell her all her conversation with her companion; and finally the good dame fell asleep, and Hillary slipped over to Hannah, and confided all to her. Mr. Walden and the mother-in-law woke up at the same time, and the good dame was beaming, and insisted on having a seat turned over, and that they should all lunch together out of her well-provided basket.

Than Henry Walden, when for the moment freed from his whiskey besetment, no man could be more amiable, fluent, and complimentary in conversation. He received the strange dame's friendly advances with the greatest cordiality; he perceived that

she was under some false conception of him, but argued with himself that any misconception of him was better than the truth. He chatted in the most delightful fashion; praised the viands, especially those made by the good lady herself, and avowed it a true dispensation of Providence that they had met such a travelling companion for his two dear girls. Mr. Crow's mother-in-law was enchanted. She loved patronizing, meddling in other people's affairs, and directing their movements. She had also a thoroughly kind heart, and had a sudden but strong affection for Hillary. At first she had been inclined to blame Hannah for leaving Hillary, but in proportion as she was attracted by Henry Walden, and imagined epilepsy or other such "attacks" for him, she forgave Hannah for following him up, and Hannah secured her profound admiration and respect, while Hillary had her fondness.

Long before Omaha was reached, this excellent "chance acquaintance" had mapped out a programme for her new friends. They must stay in Omaha; she assured them of Mr. Crow's cordial support. Mr. Crow had houses to rent, and would rent them one on reasonable terms. Mr. Crow was the chief of the school trustees, and she was sure he could secure places for Henry and Hannah as teachers.

"We are a new place," said Mr. Crow's mother-in-law. "Our schools are excellent. Mr. Crow would not allow them to be otherwise; but our teachers are often changed; you see the reason. Capable people come West; they need instant employment; they find a fair salary offered; they begin to teach. But they keep their eyes open, and see other and better ways of making money, and so they enter into business. Then Mr. Crow has the trouble of getting a new teacher. I tell Mr. Crow that he does a deal too much for the public, and he don't get paid for it; but Crow says he is paid in the feeling of doing his duty; and what's the use of living if he can't do good? That's Crow all over; a right solid man Crow is."

"I'm sure of it," said Walden. "I wish I had the honour of his acquaintance. I have a true passion for that sort of men. It would make a new man of me to see Mr. Crow."

"Well, stay and see him then. It's as easy as can be. Just put up at a hotel and I'll tell Crow all about it, and he will call on you, and if you like to stop in Omaha, he'll just show you his houses, and no doubt he'll get occupation for you, and I'll go out with the girls and tell them how to buy the things you need, and then they'll not get cheated, for I know Omaha like a book. There's always demand for board, and you can take two or three single men in, people Mr. Crow knows; they won't make very great trouble. So they have clean meals, regular and well-cooked, why, they won't ask carpets on their floors, nor fine furniture. A good clean room, with a rug or two lying about, and things reasonable, that's it."

Thus Mr. Crow's mother-in-law mapped out their plan, and as they had made no plan for themselves, why not follow this? Henry with tears in his eyes besought Hannah to trust him—he had had his lesson, he would not fall again.

"Don't leave the money with me, Hannah, that's all,—it overtempts me, my dear. I'm a poor weak fellow, not at all fit to be your father. The proverb, however, is *not* 'like father like daughter.' The daughters can be different from their fathers. I shall be safe in Omaha. The plan is delightful. Hillary will keep the house, and you and I will go everywhere together. We will go to our teaching and return, always together, and so I shall be safe—and in the evenings my two dear daughters will make it so agreeable for me, I shall not wish to leave them for a single hour."

"Perhaps this is a leading of Providence," said Hannah to Hillary. "At least it is strange that things open up so I never thought of having a plan laid out by a stranger."

"After all," said Hillary, "as our ticket ends at Omaha, I think we had better stop there for a little."

So they stopped at Omaha, and Mr. Crow's mother-in-law succeeded in interesting him in her new friends, and he called on them at the hotel. A short, stout, keen-eyed, quietly-smiling, blunt-spoken man was Mr. Crow; a man who had pushed his own way, and loved to help other people,—a sound, shrewd, kindly man. Mr. Crow took an immense fancy to Hannah. Hillary with her lameness and simple innocence he felt great sympathy for. Henry Walden he suspected. Henry Walden was too voluble, too airy, and betrayed forever too much selfishness to please Timothy Crow. But Hannah, Mr. Crow eyed with favour. Hannah, he said, "was such a girl as didn't grow every day. She was the kind of a girl to keep in Omaha. He would like all the little Crows, a houseful of them, to go to school to Hannah."

"I'll see what I can do for you," he said to Walden. "Don't go roaming round the country aimlessly. Air's good here, fine growing place. You'll mend here. Mother told me you'd been injured in a railroad accident."

Henry was about to say, "Ah, yes, yes," deeming the old lady's error a very convenient one for him. But Hannah could not and would not receive favours under false colours. She looked straight at Mr. Crow.

"Your mother was mistaken. We did not tell her that. My father was not hurt that way. He has had trouble and been very unfortunate, but not that, and, if you please, we will not talk of what it is too late to help."

"All right," said Mr. Crow, liking Hannah better than ever, and accepting Henry for her sake. "The old lady does jump at conclusions sometimes."

The next day Mr. Crow announced places in the schools for Henry and Hannah.

"You're in luck," said Mr. Crow to Hannah. "I didn't know a lady's place would be vacant. But last night one of our lady teachers sent me a note, saying to supply her place, as she was to be married. It is surprising how girls get married off here. There are more young men West than young women, and they get into a living business, and then they want a home, very

natural,—man is a home-making animal. I suppose you'll be sending me such a note within six months, unless our young men are all blind and idiotic from this out."

"Very good," said Henry Walden. "My daughter, sir, has not up to this time been obliged to teach for her living. I regret the necessity, having the natural desire of a fond parent to support his child. I trust, soon, so to better myself here, that my dear girl will be able to live at her leisure."

"Never mind that," said Hannah bluffly. "I don't care to be a licensed pauper. I prefer to belong to the grand army of working women."

One of Mr. Crow's houses was rented, and Mr. Crow's mother-in-law helped the girls get furniture. She also secured for them three boarders, two elderly gentlemen, and the son of one of them. Hillary, aided by a stout little girl, kept the house, and daily Hannah and her father taught,—Henry having the boys, and Hannah the girls in one of the school buildings. Everything went beautifully. Walden, excited by occupation, by the respect paid him, by the busy life around him, and inspired by expectation of seeing golden business opportunities open before him, forgot for a long while his craving for drink. We may add also that he was well watched by Hannah and Hillary.

As the Christmas holidays approached, Henry grew very restless. He was tired of his daily routine, disappointed that he did not make money faster, and his craving for liquor had come upon him like a strong man armed, and found no stronger man keeping the citadel of his soul.

Once more Hannah in her inexperience of the Drink Evil had been lulled into security, and possibly her watch had a little relaxed. Walden, not daring to drink at home, not venturing into a bar-room lest Hannah should pursue him, took occasion while doing the marketing early one morning, while Hannah was helping Hillary with breakfast and housework, to buy brandy at the grocer's where he got sugar and tea. This brandy he took to the clothes closet of the school-room, and having it there, he that morning frequently adjourned to the closet, not to admire the hats, caps, and scarfs, "all in a row," of the boys, but to drink. In Walden's desk was a pack of cards that he had a month before sequestrated from one of the pupils, bestowing in their place much good advice, which caused the lads to say that the master "was a right strict old cove," and Mr. Crow hearing of it, "hoped after all Walden was the right sort of a man."

On this fatal day, Walden was not long in getting intoxicated, and the boys were equally quick in discerning it, and being much excited and (some) delighted over the affair. The excitement culminated when Henry gallantly flung aside a grammar, demanding, "Who cares for verbs and adjectives? Let's have a hand at cards! Who of you knows how?"

Around the desk of this unhappy man the laughing lads gathered, and the pasteboards were dealt out. Some boys, angry

and disgusted, turned their backs, and studied away—others stood on the desks to look at the game. Hannah had stepped into the hall to see why an unusual number of boys were passing up and down, when she heard one say to another, "Master's as drunk as a fool, and the way he deals them cards is a caution. He's an old hand at it, you bet."

In a breathless agony Hannah rushed into her father's school-room, and the whole disgraceful scene burst upon her eyes. She sprang to the platform.

"Boys! To your seats—every one of you!" rang out a firm voice.

The boys, wondering and interested, fell into order. Hannah's strong white hand swept over the desk, and gathering every card, she flung them with loathing into the fire.

"Thomas Jones, will you please go for a cab?"

Thomas Jones, one of the oldest and best-behaved lads, obeyed. Hannah then dismissed the school, and gave one of the boys a note to carry to Mr. Crow. She next dismissed the girls, locked the school-house, and, aided by Thomas Jones, took her father home. It was the last day of the term. Mr. Crow, his ears buzzing with rumours of his new teacher's extraordinary conduct, was not long in repairing to Hannah, as her note had requested.

"What does this mean?" asked Mr. Crow.

"It means," said Hannah, "that I have failed again in my work of keeping my poor father sober. I have fled half-way across the United States to get out of the way of strong drink, but still strong drink besets us. Oh, I have been wrong. I never dreamed he would so publicly shame your choice of him, and set such an example to the boys! But, sir, I will do what I can. The pupils will be back for afternoon school, and I will put them all in one room, and I will undo my father's example by speaking out my whole heart to them on the subject of strong drink, and seeing how many I can get to sign the pledge. After that, sir, I will look out for father as well as I can, and we will not disgrace your school by teaching there."

"Come, come, my dear," said Mr. Crow, "I have a word to say about that. Have your temperance meeting, by all means. Of course, I cannot have your father continue teaching there—his place must be otherwise filled; but you will keep your position. You need not be alone in your efforts for your father. I will help you, now I know what his trouble is. I will take him into my store. I can watch him a little there. When we 'see a brother sin a sin which is not unto death, we must restore such an one, in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted.'"

Hannah burst into tears.

"It seems as if intemperance is a sin unto death, for it is so hard to break one of committing and recommitting it, until they die in sin."

"Cheer up," said Mr. Crow; "we will save him yet."

"But," cried Hannah, driven desperate between shame and duty, "sir, when he drinks he does not know at all what he does, and it might not be safe—your money."

"Never fear," said the valiant Mr. Crow, "I never lose money."

As usual, Henry Walden repented in (metaphorical) sackcloth and ashes. No one was ever so ashamed and sorry before. He mourned to Hannah, he mourned to Hillary. He was ready to fall on his knees to Mr. Crow. At the offer of book-keeping and clerking in Mr. Crow's store he cheered up wonderfully. "Trade," he said, "was his true ideal of life—it was broad enough to fill a man's soul. Merely engaged in teaching, he had become melancholy and driven back on himself. Now fortune and happiness once more smiled upon him, and he would be worthy of them." In fact, he went so far as to say "that perhaps all that had happened was for the best, to set him in his proper niche in life."

"All things work for the best, you know the Scripture says, my dear Hannah."

"To those that love God," replied Hannah; "but if you love God, you will try to keep His laws."

"Yet, after all, Hannah, there is no law against drinking."

"At least," said Hannah, "there is a law against promise-breaking. And when you drink, you break hundreds of promises. God is a covenant-keeper, and He will not bless covenant-breaking."

"What's that about 'wrath to praise Him?'"

"'He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder will He restrain,'" said Hannah.

"Yes, that's just it. Now, no doubt, it will be so in my case. My sins, so far, will work for the glory of God in my conversion, and the rest will be restrained."

"Father?" cried Hannah, "I don't know what to make of you!"

"How should you? I never knew what to make of myself."

The new plan worked well for some time. Mr. Crow and Walden both became confident—one lured by charity, the other by vanity. Becoming confident, more careless. Toward spring, an artist was temporarily in Omaha, and he saw Henry Walden, and was seized with a fancy to get his especially handsome face as a model. He made Henry's acquaintance, and Walden began to spend his leisure at the artist's studio. Hannah made inquiries, and heard nothing amiss. With Mrs. Crow she visited the pictures; and, meeting the artist at an evening party, heard him speak strongly against intemperance. It never occurred to her that he was one of the "moderation men," or that her father was endangered in his society. But the artist loved champagne—he gave thereof to his sitter. Champagne begot thirst. Henry secretly obtained stronger drinks, found a gambling den, slipped out of his house nights, and gambled away his just received three months' salary, telling Hannah it was not yet paid. Then, to get back the salary, he robbed the cash drawer; and next Mr.

Crow looked for the cash that was to go to the bank, and it had vanished. A fell suspicion siezed him.

"Walden, where is the money? I forgot to take it away last night when I was called off because my child was sick."

"I saw you forgot it," said Walden, smooth as oil. "and I took the money home for safe keeping. I forgot it this morning. I will go for it now, or bring it at dinner."

"Dinner will do," said Mr. Crow, his suspicions laid.

Home went Walden, and taking Hannah aside, fell on his knees and confessed the whole. "Save me, Hannah, only this once. The sum is two hundred dollars. You have money in the bank. Draw me that."

"Certainly," said Hannah, with a sinking heart, "but I must go with you to see that you give it to Mr. Crow; and, father, what we have won't stand many such drains. You know what the furniture cost, and this last three months we have had no help from you; we fall behind."

"It will never occur again," said Henry. "It is some *new* temptation every time. The artist's champagne this time. I shall beware henceforth. Hurry to the bank with me, and let us get the bills, the right kind."

Hannah went on her wretched errand, and going to the store for coffee, saw her father pay Mr. Crow the money. But she thought Mr. Crow had an odd look as he told it over. In truth he had serious suspicions, but he kept silence, and still tried to rescue Walden, now watching him more, and leaving no cash in his way.

If Henry Walden was late at the store Hannah made a practice of going to bring him home. Leaving her house for this purpose one cold spring night, she found, sitting on the walk, a herculean Irishman, drunk, by whom his weeping wife stood hopeless, and not knowing what to do.

"Can't you get him home?" asked Hannah.

"Indade, Miss, we hav'n't any home. We're distrained for rint this very morning, along of poor Mike using all his pennies in whiskey, and losing his place on the railroad, along of his bein' drunk, which he niver manes to be till he is. Then poor Mike, in despair like, sells the few bits of things piled on the sidewalk, and while I was huntin' up a room and a bit of work, Mike in his worriment drinks up all the money of the things. So no one will rint me a room barrin rint in advance, and not a penny nor a stick to put in a room have I, and God bless you, Miss, don't cry a tear over *my* troubles. I've had so much trouble I'd be as surprised at good luck as at meetin' of a lion! But it *is* a bitter night to sit hungry in the street and me so thin clad and Mike will freeze."

"If you can get him into my kitchen," said Hannah, "you shall have a hot tea, and a shelter for the night."

The pair came in. They were both clean, and the woman was very prepossessing in her appearance. The man, when sober

next morning, showed an honest face, and listened with eagerness while Hannah talked to him of temperance, of taking a pledge and keeping it by the power of God; going in prayer to Christ for strength. Hillary's little servant had gone; two new table boarders had come; the woman, Mandy, took hold of the work with a will, washed, cooked, scoured well. Hannah wanted the yard cleaned, the cellar whitewashed, kindling cut, and some mending done to the roof and fence. Mike did all this. For a few days the pair remained, and then Mike, after more conferences with Hannah, took the pledge, and with a simple faith said he "should grip fast hold of the good Lord, to keep him straight."

Mr. Crow, at Hannah's intercession, gave Mike work, and Mandy begged to be allowed to work for Hannah for her board. "Me Mike will be sure reformed if he stops in sight of yees," said Mandy, "and the prayer ye lets us in to night and mornin', Miss, will be the makin' of us."

Encouraged by "making one proselyte," Hannah kept Mike and Mandy with her, and again hoped for her father. Once more she hoped in vain. Henry now knew where he could get liquor, and where he could gamble. Once more he fell. He escaped by night, expecting always to make a (nefarious) fortune before morning, and this time he forged Mr. Crow's name on a check for three hundred dollars. This was discovered. Mr. Crow came to find Walden, who knowing that all was lost, had fled home. He cast himself once more on the pity of his daughter, but vowed that he would take his own life.

Mr. Crow found Hannah cold, pale, and still, as a new Niobe, overwhelmed by this fresh vengeance. This time she told Mr. Crow the story of her father's past, at the same time drawing a check for the three hundred. This reduced her whole property to one thousand dollars. Mr. Crow now suggested that as she could not manage her father in town she should remove from Omaha. He said country life and the care of a farm might be better for Henry, and divert his mind from liquor and gaming. Henry vowed he was ready, if need be, to dig ditches for a living; once and forever he was cured of his sin.

"Yes; we must go," said Hannah and Hillary.

They must go, but where? Once more to be exiles from home, friends, and means of support.

Exiles of rum.

The rich man's son inherits cares—
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
A soft white hand could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn.
—*Lowell.*

A HALLELUJAH LASSIE.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

"No, I don't parade the streets in a procession for five dollars a week," said the girl in calico; "though some folks say that is all we have to do after joining the Salvation Army. I don't ever march in the ranks except on extra occasions, when we muster in full force, Slum Brigade and all. I belong to the Slum Brigade, you know, and my work lies in a part of town where, just as likely as not, the sight of a girl in the Salvation Army uniform would draw a crowd that a policeman would have to disperse. I am on the street a good deal, going from house to house, but dressed as I am now, no one would take me for a Salvationist, and so I am no more noticed than any other plain, quiet body would be. I daren't even wear the Army bonnet, because I want the folks around where I live to think I am just one of themselves.

"It's a rough sort of neighbourhood, and in the evenings there's a lot of drinking and swearing, and sometimes fighting, going on in the tenement-house where I have my room, but I ain't afraid of roughs and rowdies; if I was, I shouldn't be fit for the work I have undertaken. I haven't any education to speak of, and I should hate the worst in the world to have to stand up on a platform and make an address, but I can go in a poor woman's room, if she is ailing, and do her work for her—see how big and strong my arms are!—and then I can sit down and talk to her in a friendly sort of way about a country where there won't be no more sickness or suffering, where children won't go wrong, and babies won't die just as soon as they begin to take notice.

"Folks say that the best thing a tenement-house baby can do for itself is to die, but it would be hard to make its mother believe that, no matter whether she was a sober woman who looks after her children, or a drunkard who spent half her time on Blackwell's Island. And I'm thankful that I know what to do for a croupy baby, or a thrushy baby, or one whose teeth are going hard with it. I was the eldest of the family at home, and accustomed to taking care of the children when my mother was out at her work, and since I have belonged to the Slum Brigade I've come across a lot of mothers who will just hand over their babies to me when they get sick, and watch me while I try to make the poor little things comfortable. When baby is all right again, and before the mother gets over thinking there isn't nobody like me, then is the time to ask her to go down on her knees with me, and thank God.

"'I don't want no preaching,' said a sick woman to me when I went to see her one morning. 'I ain't much of a hand to preach,' said I; 'but I can make a cup of tea with anybody,' and with that I crossed over to the stove, started the fire, and made her one.

Then I put on some oatmeal for her three little children's breakfast (her husband had to go off early to his work, and couldn't attend to things), and while it was cooking I tidied 'em up so nicely that they didn't know themselves. Not one word did I say to that woman about her soul, but now she comes to our meetings reg'lar, and our captain says she was converted, not by my theology, but by my scrubology.

"I am better at cleaning up than at expounding Scripture—that's a fact. I ain't good even at repeating texts from Scripture. I disgraced myself once in a meeting were we were all called on for texts, by rising up and saying out loud, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.' Some folks back of me began to snicker, and the girl sitting next to me whispered that that wasn't in the Bible. Then I felt so ashamed I didn't know which way to look, and it was not any comfort to have a pert fellow on the other side of me say 'Never mind, young lady; if it isn't in the Bible, it ought to be'

"I ain't much good at distributing tracts. You see I never cared much for reading myself, even when I had time, so it doesn't come natural to me to ask other folks to read. As to handing a tract to a hungry man or woman, I hope I may be kept from ever doing anything so cruel and heartless. When I have money given me to lay out, the first thing I think of is something to eat, especially for sick people. The next thing is baby flannel, or children's shoes; and then, if there is any left over, it's apt to go for sapolio. You would hardly believe it, but I have actually had to go down on my knees and show some women how to scrub their floors. If left to themselves they would leave sloppy places here and there, and sometimes a piece of sapolio for somebody to slip on. My room—or our room I ought to say, as two other Salvationists have it with me—hasn't any carpet, only old rugs by the side of the beds, and we are so proud of our clean, white floor, that we have a way of leaving our door partly open sometimes, so that other folks can see it, and I can tell you the sight of it has a good effect in setting the other women in the house to scrubbing their floors, and tidying up their rooms.

"Mind telling what my pay is? Not a bit. I have my room-rent paid, and am supplied with food and coal, and once in a while receive a bundle of cast-off clothes. If I was to come out in new clothes the folks in my tenement-house would think I was growing proud. So you see I don't go into the work to make money, or even to make a show. As I have said, I ain't no good at preaching, and I suppose my prayers ain't much to listen to, and I haven't any voice for singing, except in a chorus, where all that's wanted is noise, but I have health and strength, and good will, and I am ready to use them in the good cause."—*The Silver Cross.*

He is true to God, who's true to man.
—*Lowell.*

PERSECUTION OF RUSSIAN METHODISTS.

A SPECIAL correspondent in Russia of the *Methodist Times* writes:—

There is, I am sorry to say, the most profound ignorance prevailing in England about Russian affairs. We either see Russia as she represents herself—a nursing mother of her children, anxious for the fraternal regard and sympathy of European nations; or else as travellers who have been fêted and caressed in Petersburg society describe her. We know nothing of the lives of the long-suffering eighty millions of peasants, nothing of the brutality, wrong-doing and venality of the officials oppressing them, nothing of the overshadowing fear which cows them, and makes their lives a burden.

Russia is a country in which religious freedom, as we understand it, does not exist. Englishmen, happily, have little consciousness of what religious freedom means. Their battles for liberty of conscience have all been fought, and the turmoil and dust of the long combat are almost vanished. But two days' journey from our coasts we enter a country with a vigorously-executed code of laws, so repressive of religious freedom that for a parallel we must seek among the annals of the Middle Ages. Suppose we had a law in England which made a member of the Established Church liable to banishment for life if he joined a Dissenting body; and another law which similarly treated a Dissenter for teaching his views to members of the Establishment; supposing we had a law punishing with long years of penal servitude any one found guilty of ridiculing the High Church notion of the sacraments, or making light of the crosses and ornaments decorating a ritualistic place of worship; supposing these laws, and numerous similar enactments, were so rigorously enforced that our prisons and convict settlements contained thousands of persons undergoing punishment for their infraction; and, worse still, suppose the greater part of this nefarious persecution were carried out, not by ordinary process of law, but at the arbitrary and irresponsible direction of the police, that newspapers were forbidden to report, and the public forbidden to be present at examinations or trials bearing on matters of religion; but, worst of all, supposing we were to endow the humane and justice-loving English officials with the coarse and unfeeling brutality of Russians, then, perhaps, we might have some notion of what it is to be a Russian peasant Protestant at the present time.

But it may still be said, "Let us have particulars; give us instances of this persecution of which you speak." To begin. Is it generally known in England that all over the extensive district lying between the great chain of the Caucasus and the Turkish and Persian frontiers are hundreds of small settlements of Russian peasants who have been banished thither for conscience' sake, most of them noble-hearted men—Molokans, Baptists, Dukhobars and others—men conspicuously raised above the average Russian "Mujik" in every quality that goes to make a good citizen? It is not, perhaps, known that in Cis-Caucasia are numerous colonies of a similar kind, that in the provinces contiguous to Siberia, in Siberia itself, in Turkestan, are thousands of these banished heretics, who have had to remove to those distant regions lest the Orthodox might be contaminated by their presence.

In the single province of Orenburg there are over one thousand Methodist Stundists, who have been obliged to leave their homes in the South and South-West owing to the intolerable persecutions to which they had been subjected. To the remote province in Elizabethpol eighty Methodist families have been banished by administrative order during the past few months. Over all parts of the South of Russia, on the passes across the Caucasus, on the long, monotonous roads towards Siberia, there are wandering presbyters and leaders, as well as ordinary members of the New Protestantism, moved hither and thither by arbitrary police command, ruined in purse, and gradually becoming ruined in health and spirits.

If these statements are likewise too vague, or if the disgraceful nature of the Russian Inquisition is not yet appreciated, I will add a few notes on individual cases which have been brought under my own immediate notice. I will confine myself to the most recent cases, to cases affecting the sect of Stundist Methodists, and I will deal with only a very limited portion of Southern and Western Russia. Multiply these examples by hundreds, consider, likewise, that other heretical bodies are being similarly treated, and a fair idea will be obtained of what is being done in "Holy Russia" at the present time.

Vassily Petroff is a Russian Methodist preacher of four years' standing, a man of undoubted piety and blameless life, a man, moreover, of great energy and ability. Until last August he had been engaged in travelling over Russia, preaching the Gospel in the villages. Without note of warning he was then arrested by gendarmes at a railway station and conveyed to prison in the town of Volkhoff. He still remains there, and untried. The police have scoured the country for evidence against him, but none is forthcoming. In gaol his only companions are criminals and vagabonds. Books and writing materials are strictly withheld from him, and all communication with the outside world forbidden. No manual work is given him whereby he might vary the dreadful monotony of his existence. How long this is to continue I am unable to say, but there is a rumour abroad among his friends that he is to be forwarded across the Caucasus in chains as soon as the Kazbek pass is sufficiently free from snow.

Jacob Kandiba, a preacher, is in prison at Bobrinsk, and N. Stanenko, also a preacher, at Tiraspol, for holding meetings at which certain of the Orthodox were present. How long these men may remain in gaol is unknown, as no details have been made public. All trials in Russia on matters connected with religion and politics are held "with closed doors," the public being strictly excluded.

From Balta, a market town in the government of Pedolia, ten families have been banished to Vladivostock, in Eastern Siberia. They had been Orthodox families, but the Stundists have induced them to hold meetings among themselves for mutual edification, and the priest and police hearing of it, this attempt has now been made to purify Balta at one fell swoop.

In Kieff, the Russian Jerusalem, the most holy city, full of pilgrims, and monks and bishops, of relics and wonder-working pictures, the bells of the cathedrals and churches perpetually clanging in the air, one of the leading Protestants, the preacher Vytnoff, has been sentenced to one year in gaol for addressing the Orthodox who were present in his meetings. Twenty members of his congregation, fifteen men and five women, have been sent for two months to gaol. Eleven others, charged with a similar offence, will be tried at the ensuing sessions, and will doubtless suffer the same

punishment. In this way it is sought to stamp out Protestantism in the great pilgrim city.

The city of Odessa has as its governor a relative of the famous minister of religion, Pobedanostseff—a man with all the bigotry of the minister, but without a particle of his orthodox piety. This official has inaugurated a crusade against the heretics within his jurisdiction, and his proceedings are marked with a brutality of which Englishmen can have no conception. He inflicts arbitrary fines, entirely on his own authority, ignoring the cumbrous machinery of the law courts, with their eloquent advocates and fair-minded juries. Four leading members of the Odessa Protestants have been fined sums ranging from $125 to $185, and in default of payment they are to go to prison for periods of from 40 to 60 days. Their "crime" was that they held meetings in their houses. Several owners of houses have received orders to dismiss their Protestant porters, and one poor fellow, called Orlenko, a gardener, with six children, has been summarily dismissed from his employment at the governor's request. Two men with considerable gifts as preachers—Fedor Paliyenko and N. Marshenko—besides a number of others, have had their names and addresses taken, and have been informed that their arrest will follow in a few days. Sitting in the police cells of Odessa are five men, dragged thither by the governor's orders, charged with permitting the Stundists to assemble in their houses. Their term of imprisonment will vary from forty days to three months. A friend of mine who visited them in prison has just written to me describing their condition: they had no beds or bedding, only rough boards to sleep on; they had no work given them, nor were they allowed any exercise in the fresh air. My friend described the stench and filth in which these "criminals" were obliged to live, and wondered that they had any life left in them.

Can we sufficiently realize what all this means to these wretched victims of intolerance—homes broken up, old associations severed, the stigma and disgrace of imprisonment? Do we realize that here are men and women, allied to us in the faith, beaten, reviled, fined, imprisoned, banished? England in her time has nobly fought the battle of oppressed Protestantism. Her full-hearted sympathy has been extended to Savoyard, Bohemian, Huguenot and many another. Have we no message for the tens of thousands of cowering Russian peasants from whose midst the Czar's government are now seeking their victims? The Czar, it is true, does not now slaughter the saints as the ruler of Savoy did in Cromwell's time, but he is putting a terrible load on them which they cannot bear; he is dragging them down by persecution, either to avow their new faith and be ruined, or, by simulating a belief which they do not feel in their hearts, to sully their souls with perjury and hypocrisy. And it is this, quite as much as the physical suffering and misery involved, which is the great evil of religious persecution, and which makes it such an unmitigated curse to Russia.

The *Review of the Churches* for January says:—

"The sufferings of the Methodist Stundist preachers on their way to Siberia are described in words that are painfully graphic. Hungry, broken-down wretches, after a wearisome march of sixty miles, totter into prison at night with bleeding feet and aching heads, and, in spite of gaping sores, on the third day are forced up again, and driven along the dreary road by soldiers whom it would be flattery to call brutes."

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

When in San Francisco last summer we called on the Rev. Dr. Masters, head of the Methodist Episcopal Chinese Mission in that city.* We were greatly delighted with the religious work being done among the forty thousand Chinamen of San Francisco. Dr. Masters was that day to preach in the streets in the Chinese quarter. We visited the Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, and were told that there were two thousand converted Chinamen in San Francisco. Dr. Masters, who was for some years English Wesleyan missionary in China, spoke with enthusiasm of the rare qualifications and noble work being done by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, our Chinese missionary at Victoria. He greatly deplored the bad example of the Americans as a great deterrent to Chinese evangelization, and especially deplored the unjust and cruel treatment which the Chinese receive on this continent.

He placed in our hands a pamphlet, "An Examination of the Chinese Question," by Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who has been for eighteen years missionary in China. The recital of the wrongs of the Chinese, and the "awful barbarities," to quote her own words, "perpetrated in this Christian (?) land against an inoffensive, industrious and sober people," is enough to make one's blood boil with indignation. Mrs. Baldwin takes up in succession the reasons urged against Chinese immigration.

"It is alleged that they come here as slaves of the six Chinese companies." This she denies, and says that these companies are guilds of the several provinces of China, who protect and care for the people of their respective provinces.

Second, "They are of the lowest class." They are chiefly the needy poor, she answers, just like the European immigrants who flood the country, and are far more reputable in character and law-abiding in conduct than they. Many of them, moreover, are well-to-do merchants. Again, she shows that there is no danger of their flooding the country, because in twenty-five years only 150,000 Chinese have come to the country, or fewer than have come from Europe in a few months.

But it is urged that "they don't come to stay, but to make all they can and return with their earnings." If that be so, then they will not flood the country, and they but imitate the Europeans in China, who go to make all they can and bring home their savings ; and small wonder so many return in view of the outrageous persecution they receive. But, as a matter of fact, the Chinese spend $13,000,000 a year in America, and send only $2,000,000 home ; whereas the *Boston Pilot*, the leading Catholic paper, declares that the Irish send every year to Ireland $70,000,000. The Chinese, in taxes and in work, give to California in a single year $14,000,-

*This Mission was established by Rev. Otis Gibson, D.D., in 1868. The first convert was baptized in 1871. Since that time 372 have been baptized and added to the Church. 253 Chinese women and girls have been rescued from slavery, of whom sixty-five have professed Christianity. About 4,000 Chinese have received secular and religious instruction in our evening schools.

000, besides the railway construction and irrigation of arid land that enrich the state over $280,000,000.

In reply to the charge, "They pay no taxes," Mrs. Baldwin states that in 1876, 11,000 Chinese in San Francisco paid in taxes, revenue and stamp duties, $360,000, or over $1,000 a day. This does not include the poll-tax of from five to fifty dollars collected from every Chinaman, but from no other immigrant.

"But they do not bring their wives." Many do, and the matron of the Methodist Chinese Home in San Francisco assured the present writer that they made the best husbands in the world. The bright and happy faces of the women and children whom he saw attending the mission services were a demonstration of that fact. The wonder is that so many of the wives are brought in spite of the legal prohibition of their landing.

"They are opium smokers, and are teaching Americans its use." Americans don't need such teaching. Great American firms ship opium by wholesale, and its sale has been forced upon the Chinese by the Government of Great Britain. When the Chinese Government prohibited its sale, seized and destroyed two and a half million dollars' worth of opium, Great Britain waged her Chinese opium war, captured Hong Kong, and enforced the payment of $21,000,000. "A war more unjust in its origin," said Mr. Gladstone in Parliament; "a war more calculated to cover this country with disgrace, I do not know of and have not read of." As the young Emperor was compelled to sign a document legalizing the ruin of millions of souls, the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he exclaimed, "I do this, I know, for the ruin of my people, but I cannot help it." Small wonder the Chinese mob cried out, "You killed our Emperor, you burned our summer palace, you are poisoning our people, you are devils." The Chinese opium bill for 400,000,000 people is $75,000,000. The United States liquor bill for its 80,000,000 is $900,000,000. Which is the greater vice?

"But the Chinese are immoral." They are much less so, writes Mrs. Baldwin, than the foreign populations of America, or than Americans in China.

"The Chinese cheapen labour, and throw others out of employment." A Chinese servant or cook receives from twenty to forty dollars a month, with board. Is this cheap labour? A minister in China told the present writer that he could not keep house without his Chinese servant, to whom he paid $25 a month. A doctor's wife, whose guest he was, told him the same. White labour cannot be had. In some hotels, it is true, placards announce, "No Chinese labour employed;" but in the very best, "The Palace Hotel," in San Francisco, we saw Chinamen employed in many ways. Without Chinese labour the irrigation works of the Pacific slope would never have been built.

"But the Chinaman wears a queue and eats rats." George Washington wore a queue, says our author, and they eat no more rats than Americans eat frogs.

"The Chinese will not become citizens," it is alleged. How can they? The constitution of California, art. 2, sec. 1, enacted 1879, expressly provided that no native of China shall become a citizen.

Why then this cry against the Chinese? Because they belong to none of the labour unions, and will not patronize the rum shops. Besides, as they have no votes, they are worse than useless to the politician. It is declared

by the Supreme Court that their oaths are not to be regarded. Mr. Bixley, a leading politician, declares that the Chinamen "have no souls," or, if any, "not worth saving." Our author, from long acquaintance, avers that they are the most industrious, quiet, honest, sober, patient and forbearing immigrants on this continent.

Hoodlum scamps, from fifteen years old, were encouraged to hunt through the streets and often to hound to death these inoffensive people, and Dr. Gibson, Methodist missionary for twenty years on the Pacific coast, and champion of the persecuted Chinese, was burned in effigy and threatened with violence for his sympathy with the Chinese.

"They have no real estate," it is alleged. On the contrary, in San Francisco alone they own over $800,000 worth, and pay annually $2,000,000 duty and $200,000 poll-tax.

The cold-blooded torture and murder of the Chinese, not merely on the Pacific coast, but in Puritan New England, and in the refined city of Boston, would be a disgrace to a tribe of Apache Indians. One Chinaman had his windows broken twenty-two times in eighteen months without redress. In the same city six men went to a laundry where there was one small man; four went in to do their wicked work; two held the poor Chinaman on the hot stove while the others robbed his till.

In 1864, at Foochow, the Chinese mob, incited by the immoral lives of foreign traders, attacked the Methodist Mission. The heathen priests of a Taoist temple rescued the missionaries, treated them kindly, and the Government paid every cent of loss, and rebuilt the Methodist church. In September, 1885, a brutal mob drove the Chinese from Rock Springs, Wyoming, set fire to their houses, killed at least fifty, and drove the rest into the mountains to die of starvation and exposure. No church was opened for their succour, no hand was raised in their defence.

W. F. Gray, of San Francisco, writes in the *Independent* of December 24th, 1891, an account of the cruel murder in April, 1887, of thirty-four Chinese miners, killed in cold blood by a gang of five white men for their gold dust, amounting to a little over $56,000. This was on the Snake River, Oregon. Twenty of the bodies were found in the river. The Chinese consul sent a full account to Pekin. The effect of such wholesale murders on the international relations between China and the United States can well be conceived.

The San Francisco *Argonaut* thus sums up the situation:

"The refuse and sweepings of Europe, the ignorant, brutal, idle offscourings of civilization, meet weekly upon the sand-lots in San Francisco to determine whether respectable, industrious, foreign-born citizens and native-born Americans shall be permitted to treat Chinese humanely, and employ them in business vocations, or unite with the idle and worthless foreign gang in driving them into the sea."

A Chinese delegate to the last Methodist General Conference was only after much effort of his friends permitted to remain for a few weeks in the country. Wealthy merchants who offered bonds of $20,000 for permission to visit their branch commercial houses were refused. The case of the poor Chinamen, who in winter weather were kept on Suspension Bridge, because neither the United States nor Canada would admit them within its borders, will be in the memory of everyone. Is it wonderful that out-

breaks of ignorant Chinese against foreigners take place? And if great peril and harm happen to the missionaries will not America be greatly to blame? A Chinese statesman, in a document entitled, "China, the Sleep and the Awakening," discussing the relations of China to the Christian nations, intimates that China may yet play a great part in the world, and avenge the wrongs she has received.

The heartless submission to the dictation of a Roman Catholic, Irish, German or Bohemian mob is as foolish as it is wicked. The trade of China with the United States is capable of indefinite expansion. Cotton, flour, oil, iron and many other articles may find there an enormous market.

Mrs. Baldwin, a Chinese missionary, appeals to the press, the people and the pulpits of this continent for protest against these iniquitous laws. Will not God, the Maker of this persecuted people, avenge their wrongs? And the worst of it is that upon the devoût, self-sacrificing missionaries and their wives and little ones may fall the blow, excited by the wickedness and cruelties of a reckless mob, much less Christian in conduct and character than the wretched victims on whom they wreak their rage.

Dr. Masters says: "The Chinese in California are not as accessible as in years gone by. The effect of the Exclusion Bill, the Bingham ordinance and other proposed anti-Chinese legislature, as well as the now daily instances of brutal ill-treatment at the hands of white people, tends to alienate their minds and make them sullen and bitter towards us. Many who were converted in this mission are now in China bearing faithful witness for Christ."

The Chinese are most appreciative of kindness and grateful for interest shown in their welfare. The Chinese class in the Metropolitan Sunday-school in this city showed their regard for pastor and teachers a year ago by generous and valuable Christmas presents. At the Chinese Sunday-school in Boston last year the collection from one hundred and fifty persons was seventy-two dollars and forty-six cents. The Easter evening collection in the same church from fifteen hundred and twenty white people was forty-four dollars and twenty cents, not a bad showing—for the Chinamen.

"THE ETERNAL GOODNESS."

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

I LONG for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE.*

THE book whose title is fully given in the footnote is one of unique and surpassing interest. It differs very widely from the sensation-mongering accounts of the seamy side of city life such as are sometimes foisted upon a long-suffering public. The book is characterized by an intense moral purpose, and is written from a lofty ethical standpoint.

Mrs. Helen Campbell is known to many of the readers of this MAGAZINE by her graphic sketches of Christian work at Jerry McAuley's Mission in New York. Col. Knox has an established reputation of many years as a man of highest culture, broadest travel and many years' journalistic experience in New York city. Chief Inspector Byrnes is the famous head of the New York Detective Bureau, the most efficient of its kind in the world. Dr. Lyman Abbott needs no introduction as a preacher and teacher of widest sympathies, and the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in Plymouth Church pulpit. Of each of these a beautiful steel portrait is given.

The publishers have spared no labour nor expense in the preparation of this volume. The 250 engravings, many of them full page, are selected from 1,000 photographs specially taken for this volume. Many of them were taken under greatest difficulties, when it was found necessary to creep stealthily into the places where it was known that night-life at its worst existed. Generally the first knowledge the subject had of the presence of the photographer was the blinding flash of magnesium light, and in the two hundredth part of a second the scene was faithfully fixed on the sensitive plate. It was a work often of no small risk, and only the strong arm of the law protected the enterprising photographer.

"The story," says Dr. Lyman Abbott, "will hold the reader's attention with a fascination greater than the tales of 'Arabian Nights,' or the weird adventures of 'Monte Christo.' To the student of human nature, to the moralist and philosopher, to him who is a part of the active life of the city, and feels its heart-throbs day by day, to him whose home is in the rural retreats, the book will prove a mine of information and supply material for profound thought. There is here food for laughter as well as thought, and the rays of God's sunshine lose their way now and again and bring light and gladness into the vilest of New York slums."

Over 400 pages of the book are by Mrs. Helen Campbell, whose well-known sympathies with the poor and the unfortunate, combined with a long experience in city missionary work and charitable enterprises, and her distinguished literary ability, peculiarly fitted her for this portion tof he work. Who but a woman could describe to women the scenes of sin and sorrow and suffering among these people which had presented themselves to her womanly eye and heart? The book is in some respects like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. There are many sad and painful pages that will bring tears to the

**Darkness and Daylight: Lights and Shadows of New York Life.* A woman's narrative of mission and rescue work in tough places, with personal experience among the poor in regions of poverty and vice; an all-night missionary's experiences in Gospel work in the slums; a journalist's account of little-known phases of metropolitan life; and a detective's experiences and observations among the dangerous and criminal classes; the whole portraying life in darkest New York by day and by night. By MRS. HELEN CAMPBELL, COL. THOS. W. KNOX, INSPECTOR THOMAS BYRNES. Superbly illustrated with 250 engravings from photographs taken from life expressly for this work. Octavo, pp. 740. A. D. Worthington & Co., publishers, Hartford, Connecticut.

eyes and kindle a feeling of burning indignation in the heart, yet relieved by touches of humour worthy of Dickens. It may be asked *cui bono?* Why harrow our souls with these tragic tales of suffering and sorrow and sin and its penalty? But we must diagnose the social disease of great cities to know their desperate danger, and to apply the needed remedy. While recognizing that "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul," social philanthropists feel that the physical environment of these children of sin and sorrow must be changed in order that they may have a chance to live decent and honest lives. It is not sufficient to go into the slums and distribute tracts, and preach in mission halls. You may as well, as Lowell has said, "give a tract to a buffalo," as to some of those moral monsters which modern society has engendered. The Saviour, when he saw the multitude, had compassion on them, because they were as sheep having no shepherd. And the lover of his kind, contemplating this moral wilderness, might well adopt the words of the prophet, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

One of Mrs. Campbell's most touching chapters is that on child-life in the slums. The woes and wrongs of little children appeal to every heart having a spark of humanity. Some of those poor little waifs, in the burning words of Kingsley, may be said to be "damned before they are born"—not by an eternal decree of God, but by the foul environment in which they are cradled by the vice of man. Yet bright gleams flash athwart the gloom of these pages in the record of the Christ-like efforts to succour and to save even the vilest and the worst. Mrs. Campbell devotes two striking chapters to Jerry McAuley's work in Water Street, and the thrilling story of his life and labours. From being an outcast and a reprobate he became a saint and an apostle, and rescued many hundreds from the slough of wretchedness from which the grace of God had snatched him.

The chapter on street-arabs and gutter-snipes is very graphic. "Their light-heartedness," says Mrs. Campbell, "is a miracle. Merry as clowns, flashing back repartee to any joker, keen and quick to take points, they manage their small affairs with a wisdom one would believe impossible. They are as lawless as the wind." Charles L. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society, who knew them best and did most for them, wrote: "The newsboy has his code. He will not get drunk, he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonourable to sell papers on their beat. He is generous to a fault, and will divide his last sixpence with a poorer boy. His religion is vague. One boy who said he didn't live anywhere, said he had heard of God, and the boys thought it kind of lucky to say over something to him which one of them had learned when they were sleeping out in boxes."

A picture that will appeal to every mother's heart, as she thinks of her own boys safe in their cots, is that of half a dozen street waifs sleeping in an alley, like kittens in a kennel. Other pictures show some of the hundred thousand little labourers in New York working in cellars and attics shovelling coal and carrying burdens too great for their childish strength, earning a living at four or five years of age, beating out their lives on the stony streets. Some of these portraits of little children, bruised and beaten almost out of semblance to humanity by cruel parents, are ineffably sad. Yet there are doors of mercy open. The Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," has many loving followers in New York who bring the children to His arms.

The account of mission work in tough places in the underworld of New York is an inspiration and incentive to greater effort. In the pocket of a poor girl whose lifeless body was carried to the morgue, were found the following verses:

On the street, on the street,
To and fro with weary feet;
Aching heart and aching head;
Homeless, lacking daily bread;

Lost to friends and joy and name,
Sold to sorrow, sin and shame;
Ruined, wretched, lone, forlorn;
Weak and wan, with weary feet,
Still I wander on the street!

On the street, on the street,
Midnight finds my straying feet;
Hark the sound of pealing bells,
Oh, the tales their music tells!
Happy hours forever gone;
Happy childhood, peaceful home—
Then a mother on me smiled,
Then a father owned his child—
Vanish, mocking visions sweet!
Still I wander on the street.

On the street, on the street,
Whither tend my wandering feet?
Love and life and joy are dead—
Not a place to lay my head;
Every door against me sealed.
Hospital and Potter's Field—
These stand open!—wider yet
Swings perdition's yawning gate;
Thither tend my wandering feet,
On the street, on the street.

On the street, on the street,
Might I here a Saviour meet!
From the blessed far-off years
Comes the story of her tears,
Whose sad heart with sorrow broke,
Heard the words of love He spoke,
Heard Him bid her anguish cease,
Heard Him whisper, "Go in peace!"
Oh, that I might kiss His feet,
On the street, on the street.

Oh, the tragedies that these pages and sun-pictures present! Mothers seeking for lost daughters, or asking,

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy who was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer."

Yet here, even in these depths, God does not leave himself without a witness. The story was told of a man, a tramp for twenty-four years, who was finally and gloriously saved.

Some of the bitterest feelings of the poor are caused by the atrocious cruelty of the "sweater." "My wife is working for a Christian contractor, and I am what is left of another Christian's dealings with me. Come in; let us see what *your* Christianity has to say about it. God help them that's starvin' us, if there is a God; but I'm doubting it, else why don't things get better, and not always worse and worse?"

A brighter chapter is that of New York's many and blessed charities, its hospitals, its asylums, its children's aid, its flower missions, its fresh air fund, its free dispensaries, its missionary nurses, its loving ministrations in remembering the forgotten, in visiting the forsaken, and in succouring the neglected.

A sadder chapter is that of life behind the bars—scenes within prison walls. But even here there comes light in dark places, in the efforts to save even the unthankful and the unworthy. Followers of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry have not been unmindful of the prayer of the psalmist, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee," and shall not fail of the benediction of the Master, "I was sick and in prison and ye visited me."

One of the sweetest pictures in the book is that of bed-time for homeless little girls in Five-Points House of Industry, where over a score of little midgets, kneeling in their night-dresses, are saying their good-night prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." These "heavenly charities," as Mrs. Campbell justly calls them, are twice blessed, blessing richly him that gives as well as him that takes.

The account of Shantytown and its inhabitants is a humorous relief to the sombre character of much of the rest of the book. We see Patrick and Norah, their thriving children, and their playmate, the inevitable goat.

The life of Jack ashore, his temptations, and the Christian antidotes provided, and the charming account of Snug Harbour, where 800 old salts spin their yarns and fight their battles over again, concludes Mrs. Campbell's part of the book.

We have not space to refer with much detail to Col. Knox's graphic pictures of street life, the Bowery by day and by night, the dime museums, the training schools of crime, and his burning denunciations of drink, the chief root of evil and the chief cause of these

crimes. "There are more than 8,000 saloons and bar-rooms in New York," says Col. Knox, "which can boast at the same time of only about 400 churches. The saloons are open at nearly all hours of the day and night, and their business is carried on the greater part of twenty-four hours, not excepting Sunday. Every bar-room is estimated good for at least five voters—40,000 in all. The beer saloon is first cousin to the bar-room, if not its twin-brother." In its political aspect the bar-room is bad enough, but in its criminal aspect is infinitely worse. New York must conquer the saloon or the saloon will conquer New York."

Inspector Byrnes gives a graphic account of the criminal side of New York life. Many of his true stories are indeed stranger than fiction, and surpass the wildest improbabilities of the novelist. The fire brigade, Chinatown, mock auctions, tramps, wharf-rats, of whom there are 6,000 in New York, card-sharpers and bunco steerers, the gutter merchant, thieves and burglars, scientific cracksmen, shoplifters and pickpockets—these all make the panorama of the seamy side of human life. The instruments of crime—a perfect museum of tools of this handicraft—are exhibited.

There is a graphic picture of the manner in which it takes seven men to take a photograph for the rogues' gallery of an unwilling subject of the pictorial art.

Many of these sketches are worthy of the pen of a Dickens, and the pictures of the pencil of a Hogarth, with this additional value, that they are not caricatures, but faithful to truth.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose kind heart is more than coronets, though daughter of a hundred earls, has been visiting the slums of New York, and reports that, bad as these are, those of Darkest London are very much worse. The drink curse is still more terrible, in that the bar-tenders are nearly all girls, and that frowsy women, with babies in their arms, will go into these places and drink their penn'orth of gin, and even give it to their babes.

We intend to ask the publishers for permission to reprint some of the more striking paragraphs of this remarkable book.

STORM-SWEPT.

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, A.M.,

President of Baker University.

STORM-SWEPT my bit of earth! Snows drift on wings
  Of winds more swift than eagle pinions' beat,
  When into tempests' rage it bears with fleet
Courageous wing, and nothing daunted flings
Its hero self where storm with storm contends.
  Scarce twice a stone's cast can my vision pierce,
  Although the swirl of Winter, vast and fierce.
"Storm rages," say I, "to the world's far ends."
In life, if where I am is winter-swept,
  If glooms do crowd my valley to the brim,
As one, who hopeless prays to die, hath crept
  Apart and moans, "For me no calm, and dim
My star of life," I make my moan nor know
A furlong forward, sunset splendours glow.

Current Topics and Events.

ALEXANDER III., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The Russian Famine.

The condition of Russia is at the present time attracting the attention of the civilized world. It is one of the saddest spectacles in history, that of twenty or thirty millions of people suffering from the pangs of hunger. Yet, just as the darkest night brings out more brightly the stars of heaven, so this background of despair makes more beautiful the sweet charities of the civilized world. From many parts of Christendom contributions are being forwarded for the relief of these suffering millions. Many of the Russian people, like Count Tolstoi and his family, are devoting themselves with intense energy to the relief of the suffering. Ladies of high position and of delicate nurture and widest culture are toiling strenuously to abate as much as is in their power the wretchedness of the people.

There are shadows, however, that deepen the darkness, and that is the fraud and peculation that has taken place in connection with the distribution of charity. Much that was contributed in St. Petersburg never reached the famine-stricken people at all, and much of the relief that did reach them was in the form of grain so adulterated as to be unfit for human food. As is always the case, the dreadful ogre, famine, has been followed by its twin-sister, fever, and while famine slew its thousands plague and pestilence slew their tens of thousands.

What makes it more difficult to sympathize as one ought with these suffering people is the bitter persecution and intolerance exercised by Russian officials towards the unfortunate Jews, who were driven from the country with the utmost cruelty. Nor are the Jews the only victims of this bigotry. There has grown up in Russia a remarkable society known as the Stundists, a religious sect who have revolted from the superstitious of the Greek Church, and adopted tenets very much resembling in their Scriptural purity those of the Methodist Church. Indeed, these Stundists are known as the Russian Methodists. These, too, are being banished from that land. Of these persecutions we give an account on another page.

It has been said that the Government of Russia is a despotism tempered by assassination. This is unhappily only too true a description. The fate of the late Czar haunts like a spectre his unhappy son, who has to hide himself in an impregnable fortress, and is almost as much of a prisoner as some of the victims of his tyranny.

The Great Baptist Preacher.

The very full article by Rev. S. P. Rose in this Magazine renders unnecessary much comment on the death of Charles H. Spurgeon on this page. A prince and a great man in Israel has fallen. Spurgeon was not remarkable for his learning,

although he had deeply studied the oracles of God; nor for his eloquence, though he uttered strong and pithy words that roused men's souls; nor for his breadth of view, for in many respects he was narrow, though intense. But he was remarkable for his large-hearted humanity, for his realization of the living God, and of the spiritual realities of the life that now is and of the life that is to come, and for the divine unction that accompanied his words, and made them fall with saving power upon the hearts of the people.

The profound impression made on our mind by Spurgeon was not his preaching, but his prayers. As he prayed for that great city of London, a city greater and more wicked than Nineveh, that the tide of intemperance that flowed down its streets might be stayed, that the burden of its iniquity might be removed, he seemed like one of the old prophets pleading on behalf of God's chosen people. There was a tenderness, a pathos and a power that went down into the depths of the heart. As we left his Tabernacle and went through the gaslit streets of the modern Babylon, with its flaring gin-shops and flaunting vice, we felt that the prayers of such men were the safeguard of the nation. He resembled in many respects the old Puritans, in which he was a lineal descendant in body and mind. There was a Bunyan-like simplicity of diction, and Anglo-Saxon utterances and figures of speech that appealed to the common sense of the common people.

His life story is one of the most instructive in Christian biography. A youth converted in a Primitive Methodist revival, almost without any academic training, takes in his early manhood the foremost place in the world's metropolis, and holds it for nearly forty years. Upon him are heaped the obloquy and contempt of the scoffer and scorner, but he lives it down and commands throughout the world the love and respect of every Christian man. None of the brilliant scholars, none of the right reverends of St. Paul's or Westminster, none of the prelates or archbishops of the realm had such a hold upon the people, nor even for their great occasions command such a vast audience as this plain, homely man held by his spell of power week after week for forty years. And wherever the English language is spoken, there his printed sermons on the wings of the morning have gone and been the means of succour and salvation to unnumbered thousands. "Being dead he yet speaketh." "He rests from his labours and his works do follow him."

Death of Cardinal Manning.

It is indicative of the growing breadth of Christian liberality that the death of Cardinal Manning should call forth such warm tributes of respect from men of every shade of thought and of religious belief. The time was when the deceased Cardinal was one of the most abused men of Europe. But he lived all that down. Broader and deeper than his devotion to his Church was his devotion to humanity, morality and religion in its widest aspects. When the cause of temperance was almost everywhere scoffed and mocked, the Cardinal became its ardent champion and exponent. In every humanitarian cause he was earnest and indefatigable. During the recent strike of the dock labourers in London he lent his powerful aid to the assistance of the poor man in his conflict with unlimited capital and unscrupulous greed. The strange spectacle was seen of a prince of the proudest Church on earth and the agents of the Salvation Army, the most active opponents of that Church in existence, working in loving alliance.

It was an earnest of a broader Christianity when Mr. Spurgeon, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, General Booth, Cardinal Manning and Mr. Bradlaugh were found sitting at the same council board, and giving their best thought for the uplifting and succouring of the dumb, weltering mass of suffering humanity crowded in the slums of Whitechapel and Blackfriars.

The Late Prof. Winchell, LL.D.

A friend writes enquiring if Prof. Winchell, whose articles have appeared in the Methodist Magazine, is a believer in the Bible and in Christianity. We beg leave to state that the late Prof. Winchell, LL.D., was a staunch believer in the Bible and Christianity, and a stalwart defender of both. He was, up to the day of his death, a member in good standing of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States; we believe an official member. He was the head of a Methodist guild of several hundred Methodist students in the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan. The contributions of Professor Winchell referred to were reprinted from *The National Repository*, the official magazine of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, edited at the time these articles were first published by, we think, either Dr. Abel Stephens, or Dr., afterwards Bishop, Wylie. Prof. Winchell's views, properly understood, in no wise invalidate any of the teachings of holy Scripture, but we think intensify our conceptions of the infinite wisdom and goodness of God in the physical, as well as the moral universe. Prof. Winchell was a scientist of most distinguished eminence, and reflected lustre both upon his church and country.

Methodism and the Royal Bereavement.

The Rev. Dr. Stevenson, President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, fitly voiced the feeling of the Connexion when, preaching at Nicholson Square Church, Edinburgh, he said:

We cannot forget, my brethren, that we meet to-day under the shadow of a national bereavement. In our old island story many tragedies have occurred, more terrible, and many laden with graver political consequences than this; but, so far as I know, never one more pathetic. The heart of the nation has not been so deeply moved since that Sabbath morning, thirty-one years ago, when from a thousand pulpits the death of the Prince Consort was announced. To-day the very fact that no grave political complications are likely to arise from the young Prince's death leaves the mind of the nation free to dwell upon the purely domestic aspect of the sad event. It is pleasant to remember to-day that he who lies dead yonder was not only Prince in rank, but a pure and simple gentleman. Where he was known best no scandal has ever been connected with his name, and no stain to-day rests upon his memory. He inherited much of the gentle winsomeness which has made his mother the best beloved woman in this island, and much of that genial kindliness which has won for his father the hearty affection of all who know him personally. And I rejoice to-day to remember that in the comparatively few public duties which he has discharged the young Prince showed a marked interest in the welfare of the poor, and especially in efforts made for the benefit of poor lads. For his own sake we mourn the loss of a simple-hearted and pure-minded gentleman. But our sorrow is more for others than for him. We cannot forget the parents whose hearts are wrung with a grief as real and deep as though they were of rank far less illustrious. We think of the mother and sisters, from whose intimate love he was not removed by barriers of rank, and to whom he was not the heir presumptive, but "brother Eddie." We think of the venerable Queen, whose hold upon the affections of the nation is not only the statesmanship, which will make her one of the remarkable women of history, nor the respect for the constitutional system of which she is the honoured head, but even more the life which she led, amid all the splendours of her great position, as true daughter, true wife and true mother. And not least does the heart of the nation move in sympathy towards the bonnie and gentle girl, one short week ago occupied with all the pleasant excitements of her anticipated happiness, and now widowed in heart before the marriage blessing had been pronounced upon her life. What a lesson to us all is here as to the vanity of human hopes. But we dwell not now upon this, our hearts have now room only for pity and for prayer. To her has come, not only the loss of the proudest position in the world, into which she was just about to step, but what I doubt not she feels most acutely now, the loss of that

domestic love, the sweetness of which was already dawning on her life. What can we do save commend all these bereaved ones to the love that never dies, and the consolation that can search out and assuage the deepest griefs? Let us pray for them.

Peace with Honour.

The threatened war cloud between United States and Chili has largely been dispersed. It is an improved sign of the times that almost all the papers of both political parties greatly deprecate war. The general opinion is the following, expressed by the *Daily Times*, of Chicago :

The people of the United States want no war. Aside from its mighty cost in blood and treasure war corrupts and degrades. It is a step backward toward barbarism. It is, when entered upon by so-called Christian nations, direct and contemptuous defiance of the greatest preachment of Christ.

The people of the United States want no war with Chili. They want no war with any power on the face of the globe. The glory of it can never equal the shame of it. The gain, whatever it be, material or moral, cannot compensate the loss. War is distinctly degradation. It is barbarous, horrible, unchristian. Wars destroy patriots and beget mercenaries. Wars make adventurers, swindlers and scoundrels with the facility corruption has for generating maggots. If a bellicose president of the United States shall come to Congress sword in hand, Congress will be false to the people if it shall not refer this cheap belligerent, whom even Blaine deserts, to the worthy example of a predecessor, the mighty captain of the War of the Rebellion.

Nothing in the civil administration of General Grant so became him as his part in bringing about the Treaty of Washington and the Geneva award. Grant knew what war was. It had lifted him to the highest pinnacle of human fame, but he wanted no more of it.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The University settlement at Bermondsey, London, has been opened. The cost was $67,000. There will be a number of residents ; accommodation has been provided for classes and entertainments. Religious and social work will be carried on by university graduates and others.

The Mewburn Deaconesses are doing excellent work in holding mission services in various circuits. Here is a specimen of the work done in Home Missions. Services are held in the open air, there are special services for children, and in lodging houses ; brigades are formed to visit from house to house, not forgetting public-houses. Every kind of agency likely to do good is utilized.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

New York Methodists propose to build a large mission church in the Bowery. Dr. McCabe is specially interested in the enterprise.

A forward movement has been commenced in Eleventh Street, Philadelphia. A full brass band is used every Sabbath evening and crowds are drawn to church. Several conversions are reported.

Colonel Bennett, who gave ground and money for an orphanage, has also given premises for a Deaconess' Home in New York. The property is valued at $20,000. There are twenty-one Deaconess Homes, with 212 deaconesses, in the Church.

There are 131 Conferences, 15,877 ministers, including superannuated and supernumerary. The deaths

last year were, ministers 226, laymen 30,500. Total membership 2,385,916, an increase of 101,949. The benevolent contributions amounted to $2,445,189.89, an increase of $71,266.40. There was paid for ministerial support $9,743,828, to superannuates $240,712.

The North-Western University has recently received gifts amounting to $425,000. One gentleman has given $100,000 to erect buildings for a medical college, and two others have given $50,000 to endow two new professorships. Other gifts have been promised for various departments of educational work.

Rev. Dr. Goucher, President of the Women's College, Baltimore, reports that two additional buildings have been erected to that institution at an expense of $200,000. The college will now accommodate 600 students.

Bishop Thoburn states that Mr. Moody's school gave him a free-will offering, with which he has established ninety new missions.

A company of Roman Catholic gentlemen recently met in New York to devise if possible some method for publishing denominational literature and acquiring power through the press. Reference was made to the Methodist Book Concern, and one gentleman said that a similar Catholic publishing house should be established under the control of a board of ecclesiastical and lay management.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

The Hon. Mr. Crisp, Speaker of the House of Representatives, is a member of this Church, and the Hon. W. M. Springer, who was also a candidate for the Presidency, is Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At one of the Conferences where Bishop Fitzgerald presided, when asking the candidates "are you in debt so as to embarrass you," he added, "are you in debt so as to embarrass anybody else?"

The Baptist Church.

The Baptist Missionary Society in England celebrates its centenary this year, and intends to raise $500,000, more than $221,845 of which has been guaranteed. It is proposed that the Sunday-schools will raise $50,000. The centenary fund will be used to pay the passages of 100 missionaries, the erection of new missionary buildings, the translating and printing of the Scriptures and defraying the cost of a new steamer for use on the Upper Congo River.

There are 5,238 names on the roll of communicants at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of which the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was pastor. There are twenty-six mission stations, and thirty Sunday or ragged schools in connection with it. The number of scholars is 8,513. There are two other Baptist churches in London, with 2,225 and 1,351 members respectively. Thus in these three churches, the communion will contain in round numbers 9,000 names. Can three such churches be found in any other city in England or America?

The Chicago University is in good fortune. The president, Dr. Harper, found in Berlin, Europe, a rare library consisting of 289,000 volumes and 13,000 pamphlets for sale. The price asked was more than $60,000, and in three days he found four Chicagoans who guaranteed the money.

The Methodist Church.

Miss Agnes MacIntyre, and some friends who assist her, are doing a good work by providing a night shelter for women, 40 Centre Street, Toronto. She deserves the practical sympathy of Christians. Those who are able should visit her establishment and render help.

A sad calamity has befallen the mission at Chilliwhack, British Columbia, by the fire which destroyed the Coqualeetza Home. Miss Clarke lost almost her entire wardrobe. Efforts will be made to rebuild as soon as possible.

It has hitherto been claimed that the first Methodist church in Canada was built at Adolphustown in 1792,

but our friends in New Brunswick point to an edifice which was erected in 1790 at Sackville.

Bible Christian Church.

Two young ladies—one in London and the other in New Zealand—have offered themselves for service in the China Mission and are to be sent thither as soon as necessary arrangements can be made.

News comes from Australia that a movement in favour of Methodist Union has been started, and the indications are that the Union will soon be consummated.

The Death Roll.

The Rev. Wm. Pirritte, D.D., of the Toronto Conference, passed away on Monday, February 15th, aged 63 years. He entered the ministry in 1852. A fuller notice will appear in our next number.

The Roman Catholic Church has lost two of its shining lights. Cardinal Manning, who was first known as an Anglican priest, and afterwards joined the Church in which he died. He took an active part in the Vatican Council in 1870 and was raised to the Cardinalate in 1875. He was a voluminous writer, and was a skilful controversialist. For many years he was an earnest advocate of temperance and took an active part in the labour problems of the day. No wonder that thousands followed his remains to the grave.

Cardinal Simeoni, ex-Secretary of State of the propaganda, has also gone the way whence he cannot return. He was seventy-five years of age, and during his public life had filled all the offices in the Church except that of Pope. He was an important personage in Romanism and his counsel was often sought by his superiors.

The Methodist Church in Australia has lost one of its most eminent ministers, the Rev. W. Kelynack, D.D. For several years he was editor of the *Christian Advocate.*

The Rev. T. N. Ralston, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, died in November last at the advanced age of eighty-five. He was a sound theologian. His work "Elements of Theology," has but few equals even at the present day.

Rev. Thomas Reid, of Toronto Conference, was called from labour to rest, January 23rd, in his 68th year, while stationed at Scugog Mission. He first was connected with the Methodist New Connexion. His labours were mostly spent on hard fields of toil. He was a faithful man and excelled as a pastor. His excellent wife and three sons survive him. One of the sons is a medical doctor and another is a probationer in Manitoba Conference.

As these notes were being prepared, news came to us of the death of Principal Huston, of Woodstock College. His illness was short. He was only forty-two, but had spent several years in Educational work. Principal Huston was an enthusiastic Educationalist and his death is a great loss to the Baptist Church.

Rev. Samuel Antliff, D.D., the Nestor of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, England, died in January. He was uncle to the Rev. Dr. Antliff, Montreal. The deceased entered the ministry in 1841. He soon attained to prominent positions and was appointed Missionary Secretary, and President of Conference. He was often entrusted to settle difficulties, and once was appointed to visit all the missions in the Southern World, taking Canada and the United States in the tour. He was well known to many in Canada, as he visited the Dominion on two occasions, and landed in Montreal a third time to attend the Œcumenical Conference in Washington, when he was stricken down with sickness from which he sufficiently recovered so as to return home in time to celebrate Christmas. To the surprise of those who knew his condition, he resumed his ministerial duties and was again stricken down and soon afterwards died. Samuel Antliff was a good man, a true friend, an earnest student, and a successful minister of the Gospel.

Book Notices.

Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Illustrated, 8vo. Harper Bros., New York; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Many of our readers have read with delight Miss Edwards' charming volume, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile," and her book of travel in the Tyrol, "Among the Dolomites." Some of them may have heard her lectures on Egypt and its monuments during her recent visit to Canada. The way in which Miss Edwards became one of the first living authorities on Egyptology is somewhat remarkable. Being on a sketching tour in Southern France, the bad weather drove her to Italy, and from thence to Egypt, where she made her famous two thousand mile journey on the Nile. She became fascinated with the study of the memorials of the long dead and buried past, mastered the literature of the subject, and herself made important discoveries. She is a lady of indomitable enterprise and pluck, as indicated by the fact that while lecturing in America she broke her arm, but, nothing daunted, she appeared on the platform the same evening with her arm in splints, and went on with her lectures.

In this volume she gathers up the substance of those lectures, with large additions, notes and references. The somewhat colloquial form of the lectures is still maintained in the book, which makes it more vivacious reading and more easily kept in memory. Miss Edwards begins her study with the remark, "It may be said of some very old places as of some very old books, that they are destined to be forever new." Egypt is pre-eminently one of these. In these charming chapters she draws aside the veil of ages, unrolls the ancient papyri, and interprets the hieroglyphics, throwing a thousand interesting side-lights on the daily life and occupations, the laws, institutions and religion, the literature and philosophy, the art and architecture of that most ancient land. She makes the statement that the estimated number of embalmed mummies during the period when the custom of embalmment was practised reaches the enormous total of 731,000,000 human mummies, or about three-fourths of the entire population of the earth at the present time.

One of the chief topics of interest in the study of ancient Egypt is the light which it throws on the sacred narrative of Scripture, and the confirmation which it gives to its historic credibility. A very interesting section is given to the buried cities of ancient Egypt, the "treasure-cities of Goshen," and "Pithom of Succoth," described in the Book of Exodus, where have recently been found specimens of the bricks made first with straw, then without. Important explorations are now going on at Tanis (Zoan). It is claimed that Pharaoh's house at Taphanhes has been discovered, even the brick-work or pavement described by Jeremiah being identified beyond doubt.

There are exceedingly interesting chapters on the development of Egyptian art and sculpture and its relationship to Greek decorative art. The numerous illustrations on this most ancient art in the world will be a surprise to those who derive their only conceptions of Egyptian art from the hieroglyphs and stiff inscribed figures of ancient tombs and temples.

The explanations of the hieroglyphic writing, and glimpses of the ancient literature, philosophy, religious writing folk-lore and folk-song, tales, love-songs and threshing-songs of the ancient Egyptian are of fascinating interest. A threshing-song is thus paraphrased:

"Hie along, oxen, tread the corn faster;
The straw for yourselves, the grain
for your master. . ."

We know that Herodotus, Plato

and Homer visited this ancient birthplace of art and letters. Our author mentions one touching evidence of the popularity of Homer among the cultured classes of Egypt, namely, the finding of a Homeric papyrus beneath the head of a dead Egyptian princess in her coffin.

The Egyptian story of the "Taking of Joppa" is unquestionably the original of that of "Ali Baba, and the Forty Thieves," and many Egyptian romantic tales are the originals of others in the "Arabian Nights' entertainment." Even some of the fables of Æsop were drawn from Egyptian sources eight hundred years older than the famous dwarf who was supposed to have invented them, as the story of the lion and the mouse, the dispute of the stomach and its members, and so on.

Among the moral precepts of what is known as "the oldest book in the world," written 3,800 years before Christ, are the following: "Don't repeat violent words to others. Don't listen to them; they have escaped a heated soul. If they are repeated in thy ear, look on the ground and be silent." Others of later date preach the same just and gentle gospel: "He who speaks evil reaps evil." "Don't eat bread in the presence of one who stands and waits without putting forth thy hand towards the loaf for him."

A striking epic poem, describing the conquests of Ramesis II., has been described as "The Egyptian Iliad." Of this copious extracts are given. "Their notions of man, a microcosm," says Miss Edwards, "were more complex than ours. They conceive him to consist of a Body, a Soul, a Spirit, a Name, a Shape and a Ka, which I have ventured to interpret as the life; and they maintained that the perfect reunion of these was a necessary condition of the life to come. Hence, the care with which they embalmed the body, and hence the food and drink offerings to the dead. But union of these fractions failed unless the man had lived a pure and spotless life, and came before the judgment seat of Osiris with clean hands, clean heart and clean conscience."

From the most famous religious book of the ancient Egyptians—"The Book of the Dead"—is quoted this declaration of the dead man when brought into the presence of the Eternal Judge: "Glory to Thee, O thou great God, thou Lord of truth and justice! Lo! I have defrauded no man of his dues. I have not oppressed the widow. I have not been slothful. I have broken faith with no man. I have starved no man. I have slain no man. I have not enriched myself by unlawful gains. I have not given short measure of corn. I have not tampered with the scales. I have not encroached upon my neighbour's field. I have not cut off the running water from its lawful channel. I have not turned away the food from the mouths of the fatherless. Lo! I am pure! I am pure!"

It will be apparent from these extracts and references that this is a book, not only of paramount scientific and scholastic value, but also one of fascinating interest. We hope to profit greatly by its teachings and interpretations while we follow *haud æquis passibus* in the footsteps of Miss Edwards among the tombs and temples of the Nile.

Nearly two hundred admirable engravings illustrate the volume. Among the objects of minor importance, but of curious interest, are the actual wigs and hair pins worn by an Egyptian princess four thousand years ago. A specimen of the former is figured in one of the engravings.

Whedon's Commentary on the Old Testament. Vol. II. Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy. 12mo, pp. 526, cloth, $2. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

We have watched for years the growth of Whedon's Commentary on the Bible, of which this is the penultimate volume in order of time, although second in biblical sequence. We have repeatedly expressed the judgment that no commentary that we know is better suited for the

needs of the busy preacher, the Sunday-school teacher and the general Bible student than this admirable series. Examination of the present volume increases that conviction. It gives the results rather than the process of scholarship, and is characterized by original research and independent thought. The field which it covers is of special interest in view of the renewed attacks of the so-called higher criticism upon the books of which it treats. The learned authors have not undertaken to discuss fully these questions, but they have not evaded them, and in their "introduction" to the books, have discussed particularly the questions of authorship, time and place, in an independent and careful manner. Readers will find in these Old Testament volumes, and especially in that under review, a preparation for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, in the types and shadows of Levitical institutions, and in the religious evolution of those primitive times.

Character Sketches; or, The Blackboard Mirror. A series of illustrated discussions depicting those peculiarities of character which contribute to the ridicule and failure, or to the dignity and success of mankind; also a number of Moral, Practical and Religious subjects, presented in an entirely new and striking manner, illustrated with over fifty engravings from the original blackboard drawings. By GEO. A. LOFTON, A.M., D.D. Wm. Briggs, publisher, Toronto, Canada. 8vo, pp. 454.

This is a very remarkable book. It is packed as full of wisdom as an egg is full of meat. At the same time there are some of the most grotesque and amusing pictures we have ever seen—paintings worthy of Hogarth, and descriptions worthy of the imagination of Dante. The lessons on temperance, morality and righteousness are strong as those of a Hebrew prophet. The series of cartoons on the fight with conscience is one of grim fidelity to truth, like Holbein's famous "Dance of Death." The pictures were originally cartoons made by the author, a Southern minister of varied gifts, for Sunday evening discussions. They produced a great impression in the city of Nashville and in the printed page they lose none of their effectiveness. We regret that we have not time for an ampler characterization of this remarkable book. For fuller statement see the advertisement in another page of this MAGAZINE.

LITERARY NOTES.

A new and authorized life of Mr. Spurgeon, entitled "From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit," including his last sickness, with portraits of Mr. Spurgeon, family portraits and sixty other illustrations, including Mr. Spurgeon's birth-place, at Kelvedon, Essex,—the Stockwell Orphanage—his home and study at Westwood, the Metropolitan Tabernacle, etc., etc., will be published very shortly by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York (simultaneously), by arrangement with Mr. Spurgeon's publishers, Passmore & Alabaster, of London.

We are glad to observe that Mr. William Houston's valuable Canadian constitutional documents have received a very favourable reception from the press, both of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

With great painstaking and accuracy, Mr. Houston has collected all the important documents with reference to the Dominion of Canada, from the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 to the Federation Act and Supplementary Acts, and from the Treaty of Ryswick in 1697, down to the most recent affecting its political autonomy. For all lecturers, students and editorial writers on topics connected with Canadian history, this work will be a necessity.

Carswell Publishing Co., Toronto. Price, cloth, $3.00.